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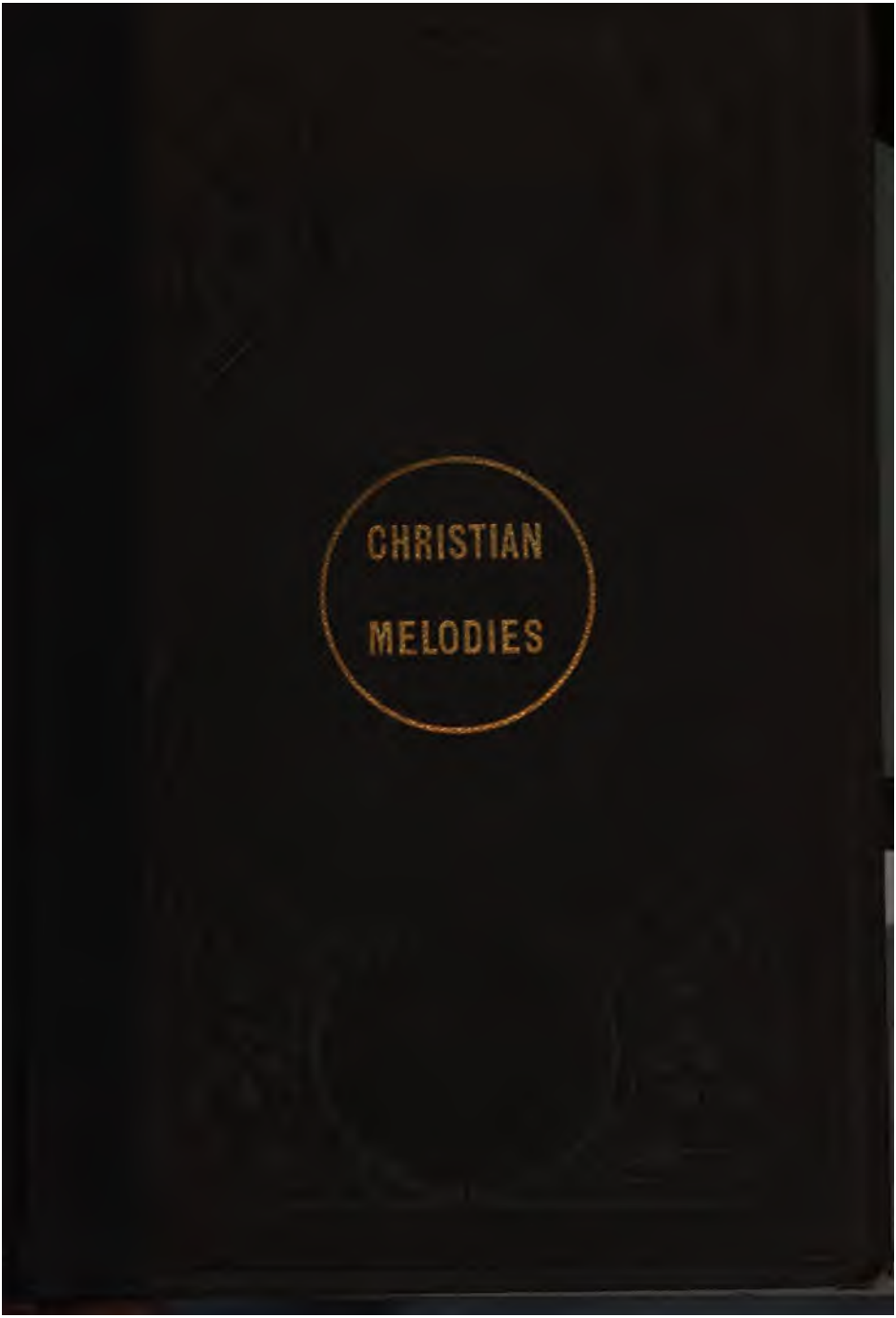
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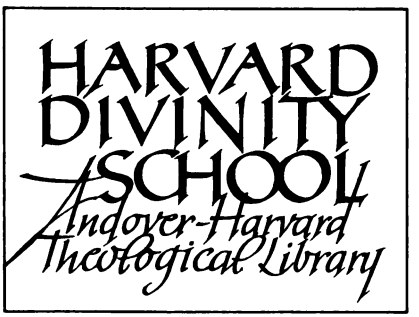
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CHRISTIAN MELODIES:

A SELECTION

OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

DESIGNED FOR

SOCIAL AND PRIVATE WORSHIP

IN THE

LECTURE-ROOM AND THE FAMILY.

EDITED BY

GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., AND J. E. SWEETSER.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

This book grows, in a great measure, out of experience of the wants of the household and the congregation. A Hymn and Tune Book is needed, which, while it is not too large for social and family worship, shall be sufficiently varied in its contents, going directly to the heart, and expressing its religious wants and feelings. Most of the works of this character have been too restricted as to hymns, by the supposed necessity of having the selection of hymns carried only so far as the tunes were appended. A sufficiently copious selection on this principle would make a volume too bulky and expensive for familiar use. The present work is an attempt to combine a sufficient variety of tunes with a corresponding variety of hymns, suitable not only for private reading, but for use in singing. In most of our collections of church psalmody there are many hymns which, however well suited for personal devotion and meditation, are never sung. Our object is, to provide a book which shall not only meet the first part of the inspired injunction: "*teaching and admonishing* one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs"—but also the second part—"*singing* with grace in your hearts, to the Lord."

The selected tunes are old and familiar, but to these a few have been added, in the belief that when familiarly known, they also will become favorites. There are likewise some hymns which have never appeared in any other collection, the original ones

among them being marked with the letter *C.* We have not limited the number of hymns to the number of tunes, nor to the number that would occupy the page set opposite to the musical arrangement; but to make the selection sufficiently wide and various, we have enlarged the volume by some ninety pages of additional hymns, besides those accompanied with an appropriate melody. For these additional hymns one tune is in every case pointed out as particularly adapted to each, and the page is referred to, so that it can be used or not, at discretion. The volume is commended, trusting in the divine blessing, to churches, households, and Christian hearts.

We take this opportunity to offer our grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Lowell Mason and others, for permission to use their popular and valuable tunes.

CHRISTIAN MELODIES.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

From all who dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a-tor's praise a - rise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through every land, by every tongue.

1. FROM all who dwell below the skies,
   Let the Creator's praise arise;
   Let the Redeemer's name be sung
   Through every land, by every tongue.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
   Eternal truth attends thy word:
   Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
   Till suns shall rise and set no more. *Watts.*

DUKE STREET. L. M. HATTON.

Come, O my soul, in sacred lays Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But O, what tongue can speak his fame! What verse can reach the lofty theme!

L. M.

1.

Majesty of God.

1. COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But O, what tongue can speak his fame!
What verse can reach the lofty theme!

2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment, wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3. In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4. Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song. *Blacklock.*

L. M.

2. *The Same.*

1. JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2. His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and justice seal the grace.

3. Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4. And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join!
Heaven is secure, if God be mine. *Watts.*

L. M.

3. *Praise for the Gospel.*

1. NOW let my soul, eternal King!
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2. All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But, in thy blessed word, I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3. There what delightful truths I read!
There I behold the Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4. There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5. For love like this, O, let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more. *Heginbotham.*

UXBRIDGE. L. M.
L. Mason.
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.

L. M.

4. *Nature and Scripture compared.*

1. THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
   In every star thy wisdom shines;
   But when our eyes behold thy word,
   We read thy name in fairer lines.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light,
   And nights and days thy power confess;
   But the blest volume thou hast writ
   Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
   Round the whole earth, and never stand;
   So, when thy truth began its race,
   It touched and glanced on every land.

4. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
   Till through the world thy truth has run;
   Till Christ has all the nations blest
   That see the light or feel the sun.

5. Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6. Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven. *Watts.*

L. M.

5. *Praise of Divine Grace.*

1. MY soul, with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise;
Let every mental power combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

2. Deep on my heart let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace;
Who, with a father's tender care,
Saved me, when sinking in despair;—

3. Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love;
Poured balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest. *Pratt's Coll.*

L. M.

6. *Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.*

1. MY God! in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud be over-blown.

2. Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3. High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4. Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell. Watts.

ROSE HILL. L. M. S.

L. M.

7. *Retirement and Meditation.*

1. MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2. Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3. Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4. Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven—and there my God I find. *Watts.*

L. M.

8. *God's daily Praise.*

1. MY God! my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2. The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.

3. Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm, with joy, proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name. *Watts.*

L. M.

9. *Trusting God. Evening.*

1. GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

4. Be thou my guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5. Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love. Kenn.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.
L. Mason.
Awake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacrifice.

L. M.

10. *A Morning Invocation.*

1. AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
   Thy daily stage of duty run;
   Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
   To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
   And hast refreshed me while I slept;
   Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
   I may of endless life partake.
3. Lord, I to thee my vows renew;
   Dispel my sins as morning dew;
   Guard my first springs of thought and will,
   And with thyself my spirit fill.
4. Direct, control, suggest, this day,
   All I design, or do, or say,
   That all my powers, with true delight,
   In thy sole glory may unite. *Kenn.*

L. M.

11.

Renouncing the World.

1. I SEND the joys of earth away;
   Away, ye tempters of the mind,
   False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
   And empty as the whistling wind.

2. Your streams were floating me along,
   Down to the gulf of black despair;
   And whilst I listened to your song,
   Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3. Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
   That warned me of that dark abyss;
   That drew me from those treacherous seas,
   And bade me seek superior bliss.

4. Now, to the shining realms above,
   I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes:
   O, for the pinions of a dove,
   To bear me to the upper skies!

5. There, from the bosom of my God,
   Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
   There would I fix my last abode,
   And drown the sorrows of my soul. *Watts.*

L. M.

12.

Prospect of the Righteous.

1. WHAT sinners value I resign;
   Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine;
   I shall behold thy blissful face,
   And stand complete in righteousness.

2. This life's a dream—an empty show;
   But the bright world to which I go,
   Hath joys substantial and sincere;
   When shall I wake, and find me there?

3. O! glorious hour! O! blest abode!
   I shall be near, and like my God!
   And flesh and sin no more control
   The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground
   Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
   Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
   And in my Saviour's image rise. *Watts.*

WARD. L. M.
Arranged by L. Mason.
Nature with open volume stands To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every la-bour of his hands Shows something worthy of a God.

L. M.

13. *Christ crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God.*

1. NATURE with open volume stands,
   To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
   And every labor of his hands
   Shows something worthy of a God:—
2. But in the grace that rescued man,
   His brightest form of glory shines;
   Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
   In precious blood and crimson lines.
3. Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
   Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
   Her noblest life my spirit draws
   From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
4. I would forever speak his name,
   In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
   With angels join to praise the Lamb,
   And worship at his Father's throne. *Watts.*

L. M.

14. *The Christian Warfare.*

1. STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
   And gird the gospel armor on;
   March to the gates of endless joy,
   Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
   But hell and sin are vanquished foes:
   Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
   And sung the triumph when he rose.

3. Then let my soul march boldly on,
   Press forward to the heavenly gate;
   There peace and joy eternal reign,
   And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4. There shall I wear a starry crown,
   And triumph in almighty grace;
   While all the armies of the skies
   Join in my glorious Leader's praise. *Watts.*

L. M.

15. *Love of Christ in the Heart.*

1. COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
   By faith and love, in every breast;
   Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
   The joys that cannot be expressed.

2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
   Make our enlarged souls possess,
   And learn the height, and breadth, and length
   Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3. Now to the God whose power can do
   More than our thoughts or wishes know,
   Be everlasting honors done
   By all the church—through Christ his Son. *Watts.*

WELLS. L. M.
HOLDRAYD.
My dear Redeemer and my Lord, I read my du-ty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears, Drawn out in living cha-rac-ters.

L. M.

16. *The Example of Christ.*

1. MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will—
Such love, and meekness so divine—
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here!
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb. *Watts.*

L. M.

17. *Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.*

1. WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. *Watts.*

L. M.

18. *Sufferings of Christ.*

1. STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies:
Hark!—his expiring groans arise!
See from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide!

2. And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3. Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,
As not to move with love or pain?

4. Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love. *Steele.*

SUMMER. L. M.
GREATOREX.
Say, sinner, hath a voice with-in Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's con-trol?

L. M.

19.

The Voice within.

1. SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
   Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
   Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
   And yield thy heart to God's control?
2. Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;
   It was the Saviour's gracious call;
   It bade thee make the better choice,
   And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
3. Spurn not the call to life and light;
   Regard in time the warning kind;
   That call thou mayst not always slight,
   And yet the gate of mercy find.
4. Sinner, perhaps this very day
   Thy last accepted time may be;
   O! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
   Then hope may never beam on thee. *Hyde.*

L. M.

20.

Evening Reflections.

1. THE short-lived day declines in haste;
The night of death approaches fast;
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.

2. As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
So mortals hasten to the tomb;
As ships that skim along the sea,
Or eagles darting on their prey;—

3. As vanishes the fleeting shade,
As flowers before the evening fade,
Such is the life of feeble man;
His days are measured by a span.

4. Be this my one, my great concern,
The way of life and peace to learn;
To know my dear Redeemer's love,
And his renewing grace to prove. *Select.*

L. M.

21.

Eternity Near.

1. ETERNITY is just at hand!
And shall we waste our ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw this inch of time away?

2. For all an endless state there is
Of wo extreme, or perfect bliss;
And swift as time fulfils its round,
We to that final doom are bound.

3. What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind
All gone! but where? ah! pause and see—
Gone to a long eternity!

4. Sinner! canst thou for ever dwell
Amid the fiery deeps of hell?
Has death no warning sound for thee?
O turn, and to the Saviour flee. *Steele.*

HAMBURG. L. M.
Arranged by L. Mason.
Why will ye waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is for - got.

L. M.

22.

One Thing needful.

1. WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?
2. Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?
3. Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
4. Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares. *Pratt's Coll.*

L. M.

23. *Sinners invited to immediate Repentance.*

1. WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
   Mercy is found, and peace is given;
   But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
   Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2. While God invites, how blest the day!
   How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
   Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
   While yet a pardoning God is found.

3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
   Shall death command you to the grave;
   Before his bar your spirits bring,
   And none be found to hear or save.

4. In that lone land of deep despair
   No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
   No God regard your bitter prayer;
   No Saviour call you to the skies. *Dwight*

L. M.

24. *Rest sought in Christ.*

1. AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
   My heavy guilt I feel, and weep;
   Beneath a weight of woes oppressed,
   I come to thee, my God, for rest.

2. Now, from thy throne of bliss above,
   Shed down a look of heavenly love;
   That balm shall sweeten all my pain,
   And bid my soul rejoice again.

3. By thy divine, transforming power,
   My ruined nature now restore;
   And let my life and temper shine,
   In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine. *More.*

ZEPHYR. L. M. Wm. B. Bradbury.

p Gently.
Return, O wanderer now return, And seek thine injured Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn, Were kindled by re-claiming grace.

L. M.

25. *"Return unto me."*

1. RETURN, O wanderer, now return!
   And seek thine injured Father's face;
   Those new desires which in thee burn,
   Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
2. Return, O wanderer, now return!
   He hears thy deep, repentant sigh:
   He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
   When no intruding ear is nigh.
3. Return, O wanderer, now return!
   Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
   Go to his feet, and grateful learn
   How freely Jesus can forgive.
4. Return, O wanderer, now return!
   And wipe away the falling tear;
   Thy Father calls—"No longer mourn!"
   'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near. *Collyer.*

L. M.

26. *Invitation to the Weary.*

1. COME, weary souls, with sin oppressed,
Oh come! accept the promised rest:
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2. Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
Oh come, and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove,

3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Here's pardon, life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift! how free the grace! *Steele.*

L. M.

27. *"Take not thy Holy Spirit," &c.* Ps. li. 11.

1. STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2. Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.

3. Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of thy great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4. If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with its calm repose.

5. E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand!
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land. *C. Wesley.*

HEBRON. L. M.
L. Mason.
O thou who hear'st when sinners cry! Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look, But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

L. M.

28. *Prayer of the Penitent.*

1. O THOU, who hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2. Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3. I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4. Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord!
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son. *Watts.*

L. M.

29. *Forgiveness in Christ.*

1. THOU Prince of Glory, slain for me,
Breathing forgiveness in thy prayer;
That loving, melting look I see,
That bursting sigh, that tender tear.

2. Let me but hear thy dying voice
Pronounce forgiveness in my breast;
My trembling spirit shall rejoice,
And feel the calm of heavenly rest.

3. Lord, thine atoning blood apply,
And life or death is sweet to mê;
In life's last hour, thy presence, nigh,
From fear shall set my spirit free. *Steele.*

L. M.

30. *A Penitent pleading for Pardon.*

1. SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair. *Watts.*

WINDHAM. L. M.
DANIEL READ.
Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveller.

L. M.

31. *The Road to Life and to Death.*

1. BROAD is the road that leads to death,
   And thousands walk together there;
   But wisdom shows a narrow path,
   With here and there a traveller.
2. *Deny thyself, and take thy cross,*
   Is the Redeemer's great command;
   Nature must count her gold but dross,
   If she would gain this heavenly land.
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints,
   And walks the ways of God no more,
   Is but esteemed almost a saint,
   And makes his own destruction sure.
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
   Create my heart entirely new;
   Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
   Which false apostates never knew. *Watts.*

L. M.

32.

Likeness to the Saviour.

1. MAKE us, by thy transforming grace,
   Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!
   Thy fair example may we trace,
   To teach us what we ought to be!

2. Oh, how benevolent and kind!
   How mild! how ready to forgive!
   Be this the temper of our mind,
   And these the rules by which we live.

3. To do his heavenly Father's will
   Was his employment and delight;
   Humility and holy zeal
   Shone through his life divinely bright.

4. But ah! how blind, how weak we are,
   How frail, how apt to turn aside!
   Lord, we depend upon thy care,
   And ask thy Spirit for our guide. *Steele.*

L. M.

33.

Vanity of the World and Happiness of Heaven.

1. HOW vain is all beneath the skies,
   How transient every earthly bliss;
   How slender all the fondest ties
   That bind us to a world like this.

2. The evening cloud, the morning dew,
   The withering grass, the fading flower,
   Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
   The glory of a passing hour.

3. But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
   And all beneath the skies is vain,
   There is a brighter world on high,
   Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4. Then let the hope of joys to come
   Dispel our cares and chase our fears;
   If God be ours, we're travelling home,
   Though passing through a vale of tears.

Pratt's Coll.

STONEFIELD. L. M.
STANLEY.
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide, O'er every thought and step preside.

L. M.

34. *Guidance of the Spirit.*

1. COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
   With light and comfort from above;
   Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide,
   O'er every thought and step preside.
2. The light of truth to us display,
   And make us know and choose thy way;
   Plant holy fear in every heart,
   That we from God may not depart.
3. Lead us to holiness—the road
   That we must take to dwell with God;
   Lead us to Christ, the living way,
   Nor let us from his precepts stray:—
4. Lead us to God, our final rest,
   In his enjoyment to be blest;
   Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
   Where pleasure in perfection is. *Browne.*

L. M.

35. *Inconstancy Lamented.*

1. DEAR Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?

2. Here I repent, and sin again,
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which O, too often wounds my heart.

3. When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee—
The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love. *Dorrington.*

L. M.

36. *Confidence in Christ.*

1. WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2. Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?—
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky?

3. If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build, and rest secure.

4. Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands:
Not all the powers of earth or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5. Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine. *Steele.*

NAZARETH. L. M.
S. WEBBE.
How blest the sacred tie that binds, In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

L. M.

37. *Christian Fellowship and Prayer.*

1. HOW blest the sacred tie, that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!
2. To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
3. Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt, and human wo;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
4. Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy—a heaven of love. *Barbauld.*

L. M.

38. *The Mercy-Seat.*

1. FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;—
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place of all on earth most sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend;
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4. There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. *Stowell.*

L. M.

39. *Christ with His People.*

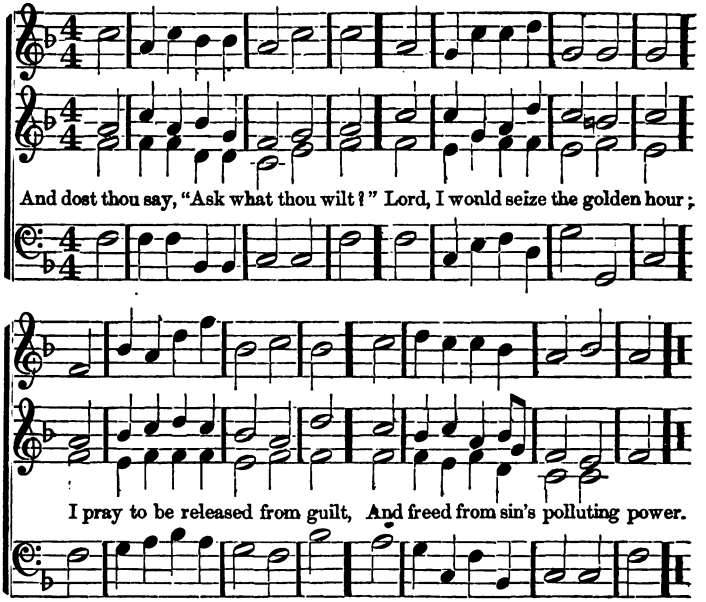
1. JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2. Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3. Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and banish care;
And teach our faint desires to rise
To things unseen, beyond the skies.

4. Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O! rend the heavens this favored hour;
Let thousands feel thy saving power. Cowper.

WINTHROP. L. M. ASAHEL ABBOT.


And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?" Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt, And freed from sin's polluting power.

L. M.

40. *Objects of Prayer.*

1. AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
   Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
   I pray to be released from guilt,
   And freed from sin's polluting power.
2. More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
   More of thine image let me bear:
   Erect thy throne within my heart,
   And reign without a rival there.
3. Give me to read my pardon sealed,
   And from thy joy to draw my strength;
   O, be thy boundless love revealed,
   In all its height, and breadth, and length.
4. Grant these requests—I ask no more;
   But to thy care the rest resign:
   Sick, or in health—or rich, or poor,
   All shall be well, if thou art mine. *Newton.*

L. M.

41. *The Gracious Promise.*

1. "WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,—
2. "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
3. We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above;
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.. *Stennett.*

L. M.

42. *The Happy Few.*

1. HERE, blessed God, behold a few,
Who would observe thy holy word;
O, may we find thy promise true,
That they "shall live who seek the Lord."
2. O, let our faith and joy abound,
While we approach thy mercy-seat,
Since often have thy people found
An hour so spent divinely sweet!
3. While thus with thee we close the day,
To every waiting soul be near;
And may we all have cause to say,
'Twas good for us to worship here. *Campbell's Coll.*

L. M.

43. *Social Prayer.*

1. HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.
2. From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet!
Let this the "gate of heaven" be,
3. "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face!
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place. Kelly.

GORHAM. L. M.
SOAPER.
Rejoice, for Christ the Saviour reigns, He spreads his triumphs all abroad;
And sinners, freed from endless pains, Own him their Saviour and their God.

L. M.

44. *Rejoicing in Christ's Triumphs.*

1. REJOICE, for Christ the Saviour reigns;
   He spreads his triumphs all abroad;
   And sinners, freed from endless pains,
   Own him their Saviour and their God.
2. His sons and daughters from afar,
   Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
   Those who were dead in sin before,
   By sovereign grace are made alive.
3. O, may his conquests still increase,
   And every foe his power subdue;
   While angels celebrate his praise,
   And saints his glowing glories show.
4. Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb!
   From all below, from all above;
   In lofty songs exalt his name,—
   In songs as lofty as his love.

Watts.

L. M.

45. *Zion encouraged.*

1. ZION, awake! thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2. Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee, too. *Pratt's Coll.*

L. M.

46. *Arise, shine.*

1. ARISE, in all thy splendor, Lord!
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unvail the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2. Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' almighty God;
Make bare thine arm; thy power display;
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

3. Send forth thy messengers of peace;
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own. *Select.*

L. M.

47. *Christian Heralds.*

1. YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire—
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3. And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. Pratt's Coll.

MONMOUTH. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Great God, whose u - ni - ver - sal sway The known and unknown
worlds o - bey, Now give the kingdom to thy Son; Ex -
- tend his power, ex-alt his throne, Extend his power, ex - alt his throne.

L. M.

48. *The Kingdom of Christ.*

1. GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2. As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distills
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3. The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4. The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown. *Watts.*

L. M.

49. *Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

1. JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen! Watts.

MARLOW. C. M.
Arranged by L. Mason.
Through endless years thou art the same, O thou e - ter - nal God!
A - ges to come shall know thy name, And tell thy works a - broad.

C. M.

50. *God unchangeable amid Changes of Creation.*

1. THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
   O thou eternal God!
   Ages to come shall know thy name,
   And tell thy works abroad.
2. The strong foundations of the earth,
   Of old by thee were laid;
   By thee, the beauteous arch of heaven,
   With matchless skill was made.
3. Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
   Formed by thy powerful hand,
   Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
   And changed at thy command.
4. But thy perfections all divine,
   Eternal as thy days,
   Through everlasting ages shine
   With undiminished rays. *Ch. Psal.*

C. M.

51.

Love of God.

1. COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
   And raise your soul above;
   Let every heart and voice accord,
   To sing that—God is love!
2. This precious truth his word declares,
   And all his mercies prove;
   While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
   To show that—God is love!
3. Behold, his loving-kindness waits
   For those who from him rove,
   And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
   To teach them—God is love!
4. The work begun is carried on
   By power from Heaven above;
   And every step, from first to last,
   Proclaims that—God is love.
5. O! may we all, while here below,
   This best of blessings prove;
   Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
   Shall shout that—God is love! *Burder.*

C. M.

52.

The Mercies of God.

1. THE mercies of my God and King
   My tongue shall still pursue;
   O! happy they who, while they sing
   Those mercies, share them too.
2. As bright and lasting as the sun,
   As lofty as the sky,
   From age to age thy word shall run,
   And chance and change defy.
3. The covenant of the King of kings
   Shall stand for ever sure;
   Beneath the shadow of thy wings
   Thy saints repose secure.
4. In earth below, in heaven above,
   Who, who is Lord like thee?
   O! spread the gospel of thy love,
   Till all thy glory see. Lyte.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.
Dr. Croft.
Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness In sounds of glo - ry sing.

C. M.

53. *The Goodness of God.*

1. SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
   My God, my heavenly King!
   Let age to age thy righteousness
   In sounds of glory sing.
2. God reigns on high; but ne'er confines
   His goodness to the skies;
   Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
   And every want supplies.
3. How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
   How slow thine anger moves!
   But soon he sends his pardoning word
   To cheer the souls he loves.
4. Creatures, with all their endless race,
   Thy power and praise proclaim;
   But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
   Delight to bless thy name. *Watts.*

C. M.

54. *The Perfections of God.*

1. GREAT is the Lord! his works of might
   Demand our noblest songs;
   Let his assembled saints unite
   Their harmony of tongues.

2. Great is the mercy of the Lord,—
   He gives his children food;
   And, ever mindful of his word,
   He makes his promise good.

3. His Son, the great Redeemer, came
   To seal his covenant sure;
   Holy and reverend is his name;
   His ways are just and pure.

4. They, who would grow divinely wise,
   Must with his fear begin:
   Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
   In hating every sin. *Watts.*

C. M.

55. *The Mercy of God to his People.*

1. YE servants of the living God,
   Let praise your hearts employ;
   And, as you tread the heavenly road,
   Lift up the voice of joy.

2. Have they not reason to rejoice,
   Whose sins have been forgiven—
   Called by a gracious Father's voice
   To be the heirs of heaven?

3. How do the captive's transports flow,
   When rescued from his chains!
   And how must sinners joy to know
   Their great Deliverer reigns!

4. O, grant us, Lord! to feel and own
   The power of love divine!
   The blood that doth for sin atone,
   The grace which makes us thine.

5. The spirit of adoption give:
   Teach us, with every breath,
   To sing thy praises while we live,
   And bless thy name in death. *Bathurst.*

BARBY. C. M.
Wm. Tansur.
When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur-veys,
Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

C. M.

56. *Thanks for Providential Favors.*

1. WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
   My rising soul surveys,
   Transported with the view, I'm lost
   In wonder, love, and praise.
2. Unnumbered comforts to my soul
   Thy tender care bestowed,
   Before my infant heart conceived
   From whom those comforts flowed.
3. When in the slippery paths of youth
   With heedless steps I ran,
   Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
   And led me up to man.
4. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
   My daily thanks employ;
   Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
   That tastes those gifts with joy.

5. Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew. *Addison.*

C. M.

57. *God, as seen in Nature.*

1. I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
2. I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
3. I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
4. Lord! how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
5. There's not a plant nor flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
6. Creatures that borrow life from thee,
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there. *Watts.*

C. M.

58. *Praise to God from all Nations.*

1. O ALL ye nations! praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
2. His mercy reigns through every land,—
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,—
Praise ye the faithful God. *Watts.*

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

m
p
Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's
m
Cres.
brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His
Dim.
lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

C. M.

59. *The Excellencies of Christ.*

1. MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
   Upon the Saviour's brow;
   His head with radiant glories crowned,
   His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. To him I owe my life and breath,
   And all the joys I have;
   He makes me triumph over death,
   And saves me from the grave.

3. To heaven, the place of his abode,
   He brings my weary feet;
   Shows me the glories of my God,
   And makes my joys complete.

4. Since from his bounty I receive
   Such proofs of love divine,
   Had I a thousand hearts to give,
   Lord, they should all be thine. *Stennett.*

C. M.

60. *Praise of Christ.*

1. THOU blest Redeemer, dying Lamb!
   We love to hear of thee;
   No music like thy charming name,
   Nor half so dear can be.

2. O, may we ever hear thy voice!
   In mercy to us speak!
   In thee, O Lord, let us rejoice,
   And thy salvation seek.

3. Jesus shall ever be our theme,
   While in this world we stray;
   We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name,
   When all things else decay.

4. When we appear in yonder cloud,
   With all his favored throng,
   Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
   And Christ shall be our song. Cennick.

CORONATION. C. M

O. Holden.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him—Lord of all.
Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him—Lord of all.

C. M.

61. *Coronation of Christ.*

1. ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
   Let angels prostrate fall;
   Bring forth the royal diadem,
   And crown him—Lord of all.

2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
   Who fixed this floating ball;
   Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
   And crown him—Lord of all.

3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
   Ye ransomed from the fall,
   Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
   And crown him—Lord of all.

4. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
   The wormwood and the gall,
   Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
   And crown him—Lord of all.

5. Let every kindred, every tribe,
   On this terrestrial ball,
   To him all majesty ascribe,
   And crown him—Lord of all. *Perronet.*

C. M.

62. *A New Song to the Lamb that was slain.*

1. BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
   Amid his Father's throne;
   Prepare new honors for his name,
   And songs, before unknown.

2. Let elders worship at his feet;
   The church adore around;
   With vials full of odors sweet,
   And harps of sweeter sound.

3. Those are the prayers of all the saints,
   And these the hymns they raise:
   Jesus is kind to our complaints,
   He loves to hear our praise.

4. Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
   Be endless blessings paid;
   Salvation, glory, joy, remain
   For ever on thy head. Watts

For verses 5 and 6 of the 62d Hymn, see page 246.

ARLINGTON. C. M.
Dr. Arne.
There is a fountain, filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

C. M.

63. *Sufficiency of the Atonement.*

1. THERE is a fountain, filled with blood,
   Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
   And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
   Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
   That fountain, in his day;
   And there may I, though vile as he,
   Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
   Shall never lose its power,
   Till all the ransomed church of God
   Are saved, to sin no more.
4. Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
   Thy flowing wounds supply,
   Redeeming love has been my theme,—
   And shall be, till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. *Cowper.*

C. M.

64. *The Atonement the only Ground of Pardon.*

1. IN vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own;
Blest Saviour! nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2. The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread;
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3. But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come to us by thy hands.

4. 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
For ever be thy love adored,—
Thy name for ever blest. *Watts.*

C. M.

65. *Christ Precious.*

1. JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2. Whate'er my noblest powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4. I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
And trust thy love in death. *Doddridge.*

DEDHAM. C. M.
Wm. Gardner.
The Saviour! O, what endless charms Dwell in the bliss-ful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms, And spreads sweet peace around.

C. M.

66. *Christ a Saviour.*

1. THE Saviour! O, what endless charms
   Dwell in the blissful sound!
   Its influence every fear disarms,
   And spreads sweet peace around.
2. Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
   In rich effusion flow,
   For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
   And doomed to endless wo.
3. O the rich depths of love divine,
   Of bliss a boundless store!
   Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
   I cannot wish for more.
4. On thee alone my hope relies,
   Beneath thy cross I fall;
   My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
   My Saviour, and my all.

Steele.

C. M.

67.

Indebtedness to Christ.

1. TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
   A grateful song I'll raise;
   O! let the feeblest of thy flock
   Attempt to speak thy praise.

2. But how shall mortal tongue express
   A subject so divine?
   Do justice to so vast a theme,
   Or praise a love like thine.

3. My life, my joy, my hope I owe
   To this amazing love;
   Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
   And nobler bliss above.

4. To thee my trembling spirit flies,
   With sin and grief oppressed;
   Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
   And lulls my cares to rest.

5. Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
   No evil shall I fear;
   Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
   And praise thee better there. *Heginbotham.*

C. M.

68.

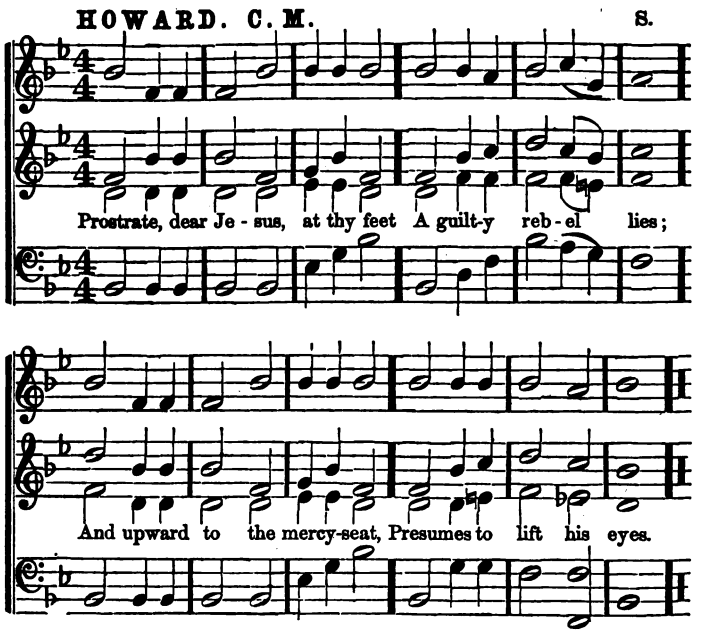
The Penitent.

1. BEHOLD me, Saviour, from above,
   Nor suffer me to die;
   For life, and happiness, and love,
   Smile in thy gracious eye.

2. Speak but the reconciling word;
   Let mercy melt me down;
   O! turn and look upon me, Lord,
   And break my heart of stone.

3. Give what I should have long implored,
   A taste of love unknown;
   O! turn and look upon me, Lord,
   And break my heart of stone.

4. Almighty Prince, enthroned above,
   Repentance to impart,
   Grant, through the greatness of thy love,
   The humble, contrite heart. Wesley.



C. M.

69.

The Penitent.

1. PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
   A guilty rebel lies,
   And upward to the mercy-seat
   Presumes to lift his eyes.
2. If tears of sorrow would suffice
   To pay the debt I owe,
   Tears should from both my weeping eyes
   In ceaseless torrents flow.
3. But no such sacrifice I plead,
   To expiate my guilt;
   No tears but those which thou hast shed,
   No blood but thou hast spilt.
4. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
   And all my sins forgive;
   Then Justice will approve the word
   That bids the sinner live.

Stennett.

C. M.

70. *The Necessity of Renewing Grace.*

1. HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2. The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason, debased, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3. Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

4. 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

5. To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray—
'Tis thine alone to give.

6. O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine. *Steele.*

C. M.

71. *Invitation.*

1. O SINNERS, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

2. He bids his angels pitch their tents,
Round where his children dwell;
What ill their heavenly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.

3. O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;
How richly blest their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust. *Watts.*

BURFORD. C. M.
PURCELL.
How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts de - part, For - get-ful of his word!

C. M.

72. *Repentance.*

1. HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
   Has wandered from the Lord!
   How oft my roving thoughts depart,
   Forgetful of his word!

2. Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!"
   Dear Lord, and may I come?
   My vile ingratitude I mourn:
   O, take the wanderer home.

3. And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
   And bid my crimes remove?
   And shall a pardoned rebel live,
   To speak thy wondrous love?

4. Almighty grace, thy healing power,
   How glorious! how divine!
   That can to life and bliss restore
   So vile a heart as mine.

5. Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more. *Steele.*

C. M.

73. *Trust of the Wicked.*

1. SEE how the worthless bramble stands
Beneath a burning sky;
Withered and parched in barren sands,
And only grows to die.

2. Such is the sinner's awful case,
Who makes the world his trust;
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and dust.

3. A secret curse destroys his root,
And dries its moisture up
He lives awhile, but bears no fruit,
Then dies without a hope. *Newton.*

C. M.

74. *Repentance, and Faith in the Blood of Christ.*

1. O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2. Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3. No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4. A soul oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice. Watts.

FARRANT. C. M. FARRANT.

C. M.

75. *Invitation.*

1. SINNERS, behold that downward road,
   Which leads to endless wo;
   What multitudes of thoughtless souls
   The road to ruin go!

2. But yonder see that narrow way,
   Which leads to endless bliss;
   There see a happy, chosen few,
   Redeemed by sovereign grace.

3. They from destruction's city came,
   To Zion upward tend:
   The Bible is their precious guide,
   And God himself their friend.

4. Lord, I would now a pilgrim be;
   Guide thou my feet aright;
   I would not for ten thousand worlds
   Be banished from thy sight.

Dobell.

C. M.

76. *No Concealment for the Sinner.*

1. LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne?

2. Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice could break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

3. If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

4. If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

5. The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O, may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee. *Watts.*

C. M.

77. *Regeneration.*

1. SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men!
For Christ the Saviour hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

2. Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3. Our nature's totally depraved,
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be saved:
"Ye must be born again."

4. Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again. Hoskins

BOND. C. M.
G. F. Root.
Come, Holy Spir-it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

C. M.

78. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. *Watts.*

C. M.

79. *When met for Worship.*

1. JESUS, let not thy grace delay
To meet us with thy love;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

2. Come in with power to every soul,
O thou immortal Dove!
Make every wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.

3. We long to meet our God to-day,
And taste thy grace divine,
That every soul with joy may say,
My Lord, my God is mine. *Select.*

C. M.

80. *The Spirit's Presence desired.*

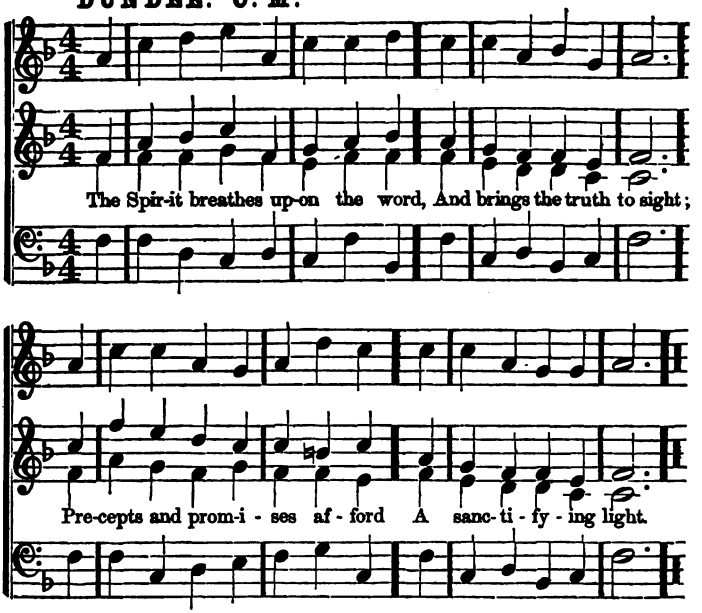
1. SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
Now make this place thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O come, great Spirit, come!

2. Come as the light; to us reveal
Our sinfulness and wo,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3. Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4. Come as a dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love,
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above. *Reed.*

DUNDEE. C. M.



C. M.

81. *The Glory of the Word.*

1. THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
   And brings the truth to sight;
   Precepts and promises afford
   A sanctifying light.

2. A glory gilds the sacred page,
   Majestic like the sun;
   It gives a light to every age,
   It gives—but borrows none.

3. The hand that gave it still supplies
   The gracious light and heat;
   His truths upon the nations rise,
   They rise, but never set.

4. Let everlasting thanks be thine,
   For such a bright display,
   As makes a world of darkness shine
   With beams of heavenly day.

5. My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above. *Cowper.*

C. M.

82. *Prayer for the Spirit's Presence.*

1. ASSEMBLED round thine altar, Lord,
To lift our hearts in prayer,
To read the pages of thy word,
And learn our duty there:—

2. We ask thy Spirit's guiding ray;
Thy presence we implore;
Dear Saviour, teach us how to pray,
And how to love thee more.

3. So shall our worship here below
Resemble that above,
Where saints thy endless glory view,
And sing redeeming love. *Brown.*

C. M.

83. *The Glory of the Word.*

1. A GLORY in the word we find,
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
And veiled the heavenly light.

2. When God the Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
The Author is divine.

3. How blest are we, with open face
To view thy glory, Lord,
And all thy image here to trace
Reflected in thy word.

4. O teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
Thy glorious face above. *Campbell's Coll.*

DOWNS. C. M.
L. Mason.
Lord, I have made thy word my choice, My lasting her - it - age;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice, My warmest thoughts en-gage.

C. M.

84. *The Word of God the Saint's Portion.*

1. LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
   My lasting heritage;
   There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
   My warmest thoughts engage.
2. I'll read the histories of thy love,
   And keep thy laws in sight;
   While through the promises I rove,
   With ever fresh delight.
3. 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
   Where springs of life arise;
   Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
   And hidden glory lies.
4. The best relief that mourners have,—
   It makes our sorrows blest;
   Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
   And our eternal rest.

Watts.

C. M.

85. *Preciousness of the Bible.*

1. HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. *Fawcett.*

C. M.

86. *The Holy Spirit grieved.*

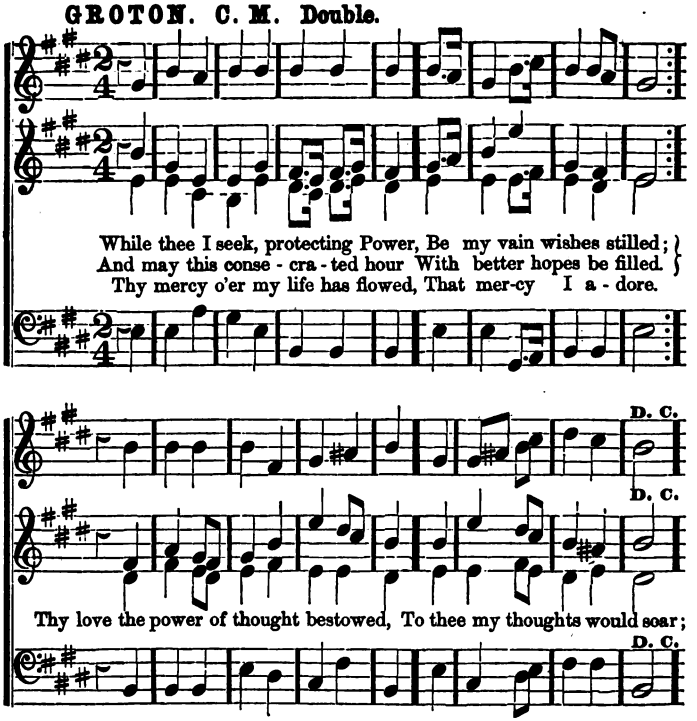
1. THE God of grace will never leave,
Or cast away his own;
And yet, when we his Spirit grieve,
His comforts are withdrawn.

2. If noisy war or strife abound,
We grieve the peaceful Dove;
His gracious aid is ever found
In paths of truth and love.

3. Should we indulge one secret sin,
Or disregard his laws,
His succors and support, within,
The Spirit, vexed, withdraws.

4. Forbid it, gracious Lord, that we,
Who, from thy hand receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that Spirit grieve.

Campbell's Coll.


GROTON. C. M. Double.
While thee I seek, protecting Power, Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this conse - cra - ted hour With better hopes be filled.
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, That mer-cy I a - dore.
D. C.
D. C.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To thee my thoughts would soar;
D. C.

C. M.

87.

Devotion.

1. WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
   Be my vain wishes stilled;
   And may this consecrated hour
   With better hopes be filled.

2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
   To thee my thoughts would soar;
   Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed—
   That mercy I adore.

3. In each event of life, how clear
   Thy ruling hand I see!
   Each blessing to my soul most dear,
   Because conferred by thee.

4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5. When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6. My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee. *Williams.*

C. M.

88. *Nearness to God desired.*

1. O, FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Cowper.

ABRIDGE. C. M. SMITH.

C. M.

89. *The Presence of God sought.*

1. COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
   Our humble tribute own;
   While, with our praises and complaints,
   We bow before thy throne.
2. How should our songs, like those above,
   With warm devotion rise!
   How should our souls, on wings of love,
   Mount upward to the skies.
3. But ah, the song, how faint it flows,
   How languid our desire!
   How dim the sacred passion glows,
   Till thou the heart inspire!
4. Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
   And fill thy dwelling here;
   Till life, and love, and joy divine,
   A heaven on earth appear.

Steele.

C. M.

90. *Mourning over departed Comforts.*

1. SWEET was the time when first I felt
   The Saviour's pardoning blood,
   Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
   And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed,
   His praises tuned my tongue;
   And when the evening shades prevailed,
   His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
   And saw his glory shine;
   And when I read his holy word,
   I called each promise mine.

4. But now, when evening shade prevails,
   My soul in darkness mourns;
   And when the morn the light reveals,
   No light to me returns.

5. Now, Satan threatens to prevail,
   And make my soul his prey;
   Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail;
   O come, without delay! *Newton.*

C. M.

91. *True hapiness to be found only in God.*

1. IN vain I trace creation o'er,
   In search of solid rest;
   The whole creation is too poor
   To make me truly blest.

2. Let earth and all her charms depart,
   Unworthy of the mind;
   In God alone this restless heart
   Enduring bliss can find.

3. Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
   Here would my spirit rest;
   O, seal the rich, the boundless grant,
   And make me fully blest. *Steele.*

WOODSTOCK. C. M. J. DUTTON, JR.

C. M.

92. *Joyful anticipations of Heaven.*

1. WHEN I can read my title clear
   To mansions in the skies,
   I bid farewell to every fear,
   And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
   And hellish darts be hurled,
   Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
   And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
   And storms of sorrow fall;
   May I but safely reach my home,
   My God, my heaven, my all;—
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
   In seas of heavenly rest;
   And not a wave of trouble roll
   Across my peaceful breast.

Watts.

C. M.

93. *Pleasures unseen.*

1. O, COULD our thoughts and wishes fly,
   Above these gloomy shades,
   To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
   Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2. There, joys unseen by mortal eye,
   Or reason's feeble ray,
   In ever-blooming prospects rise,
   Unconscious of decay.

3. Lord, send a beam of light divine,
   To guide our upward aim;
   With one reviving touch of thine,
   Our languid hearts inflame.

4. O, then on faith's sublimest wing,
   Our ardent hope shall rise
   To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,
   Immortal, in the skies. *Steele.*

C. M.

94. *Freedom from Sin and Sorrow.*

1. HOW happy are the souls above,
   From sin and sorrow free!
   With Jesus they are now at rest,
   And all his glory see!

2. "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
   "That brought us near to God!"
   In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
   The virtue of his blood.

3. Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
   Ambitious to proclaim
   Before the Father's awful throne,
   The honors of the Lamb.

4. With wondering joy they recollect
   Their fears and dangers past;
   And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
   Which brought them safe at last.

5. Lord, let the merit of thy death
   To me be likewise given;
   And I, with them, will shout thy praise
   Through all the courts of heaven. *Toplady.*

STEPHENS. C. M.
W. Jones.
There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
E - ter-nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

95. C. M.

The heavenly Canaan.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,
   Where saints immortal reign;
   Eternal day excludes the night,
   And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides,
   And never-fading flowers;
   Death, like a narrow sea divides
   This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
   Stand dressed in living green;
   So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
   While Jordan rolled between.

4. But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5. O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. *Watts.*

C. M.

96. *Sinai and Sion.*

1. NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

2. But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3. Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4. Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5. The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6. In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest. Watts

YORK. C. M.

97. C. M.

"Lord, remember me."

1. O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
   I lift my soul to thee;
   In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
   O Lord, remember me.
2. When, with an aching, burdened heart,
   I seek relief of thee;
   Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
   Dear Lord, remember me.
3. When trials sore obstruct my way,
   And ills I cannot flee;
   O, let my strength be as my day:
   Dear Lord, remember me.
4. When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
   This feeble body see;
   Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
   Dear Lord, remember me.

5. When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree;
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—
Dear Lord, remember me. *J. Humphries.*

C. M.

98. *Submission.*

1. SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
I mourn, but not repine.
2. Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above.
3. How short are all my sufferings here,
How needful every cross;
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.
4. Then give, O Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name;
Jesus, to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same. *Harveis.*

C. M.

99. *The Power of Faith.*

1. FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.
2. Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
3. The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
4. Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain. *Turner.*

MEAR. C. M.

Faith is the brightest ev - i - dence Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense, And dwells in heavenly light.

C. M.

100. *Faith of Things unseen.*

1. FAITH is the brightest evidence
   Of things beyond our sight;
   Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
   And dwells in heavenly light.
2. It sets times past in present view,
   Brings distant prospects home—
   Of things a thousand years ago,
   Or thousand years to come.
3. By faith, we know the worlds were made
   By God's almighty word;
   Abraham, to unknown countries led,
   By faith obeyed the Lord.
4. He sought a city, fair and high,
   Built by th' eternal hands;
   And faith assures us, though we die,
   That heavenly building stands. *Watts.*

C. M.

101. *A Living and a Dead Faith.*

1. 'TIS faith, that changes all the heart;
   'Tis faith, that works by love;
   That bids all sinful joys depart,
   And lifts the thoughts above.
2. 'Tis faith, that conquers earth and hell,
   By a celestial power;
   This is the grace that shall prevail
   In the decisive hour.
3. Faith must obey her Father's will,
   As well as trust his grace;
   A pardoning God is jealous, still,
   For his own holiness.
4. When from the curse he sets us free,
   He makes our natures clean;
   Nor would he send his Son to be
   The minister of sin. *Watts.*

C. M.

102. *Gospel Comforts.*

1. WHEN languor and disease invade
   This trembling house of clay,
   'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
   And long to fly away.
2. Sweet to look inward, and attend
   The whispers of his love;
   Sweet to look upward to the place
   Where Jesus pleads above.
3. Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
   Whose love can never end;
   Sweet, on his covenant of grace,
   For all things to depend.
4. Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
   To trust his firm decrees;
   Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
   And know no will but his.
5. If such the sweetness of the streams,
   What must the fountain be,
   Where saints and angels draw their bliss
   Immediately from thee. *Toplady.*

CANTERBURY. C. M.

C. M.

103.

Submission.

1. TEACH us, in time of deep distress,
   To own thy hand, O God;
   And in submissive silence learn
   The lessons of thy rod.

2. In every changing scene of life,
   Whate'er that scene may be,
   Give us a meek and humble mind,—
   A mind at peace with thee.

3. Do thou direct our steps aright;
   Help us thy name to fear;
   And give us grace to watch and pray,
   And strength to persevere.

4. Then may we close our eyes in death,
   Without a fear or care;
   For death is life, and labor rest,
   If thou art with us there.

Raffles.

C. M.

104. *An After-thought of the Afflicted.*

1. I CANNOT call affliction sweet;
And yet 'twas good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

2. My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will;
O, had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

3. Where are the vows which then I vowed?
The joys which then I knew?
Those, vanished like the morning cloud;
These, like the early dew.

4. Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me." *Montgomery.*

C. M.

105. *Salvation by Faith.*

1. 'TIS faith that lays the sinner low,
And covers him with shame;
Renouncing all self-righteousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.

2. Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone.

3. It gives no title, but receives;
No blessing it procures;
Yet, where it truly lives and reigns,
All blessings it ensures.

4. Its sole dependence and its stay
Is Jesus' righteousness;
'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sovereign grace.

5. The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace adored;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord. *Beddome.*

HEBER. C. M.
GEO. KINGSLEY.
I love to steal a - while a-way, From eve-ry cum-bering care,
And spend the hours of setting day In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.

106. C. M.

Prayer at Twilight.

1. I LOVE to steal awhile away,
   From every cumbering care;
   And spend the hours of setting day,
   In humble, grateful prayer.
2. I love, in solitude, to shed
   The penitential tear;
   And all his promises to plead,
   When none but God is near.
3. I love to think on mercies past,
   And future good implore;
   My cares and sorrows all to cast
   On him whom I adore.
4. I love, by faith, to take a view
   Of brighter scenes in heaven;
   The prospect doth my strength renew,
   While here by tempests driven.

5. And, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day. *Mrs. Brown.*

C. M.

107.

The Mercy-Seat.

1. DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2. My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3. My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4. O, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet. *Steele.*

C. M.

108.

Prayer.

1. O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2. Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine;
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4. Thus till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more. *Select.*

DENNY. C. M.
G. F. Root.
Lord, when we bend before thy throne, And our confessions pour.
O, may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.

C. M.

109.

Prayer for Sincerity.

1. LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
   And our confessions pour,
   O, may we feel the sins we own,
   And hate what we deplore.
2. Our contrite spirits pitying see;
   True penitence impart;
   And let a healing ray from thee
   Beam hope on every heart.
3. When we disclose our wants in prayer,
   O, let our wills resign;
   And not a thought our bosom share,
   Which is not wholly thine.
4. Let faith each meek petition fill,
   And waft it to the skies;
   And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
   That grants it, or denies. *Pratt's Coll.*

C. M.

110.

Refuge in God.

1. DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2. To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3. Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

4. No! still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer!
O, may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

5. Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet. *Steele.*

C. M.

111.

Prayer.

1. PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2. It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3. When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4. The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died. Beddome.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.

C. M.

112. *Praise for the Gospel.*

1. TO our almighty Maker, God,
   New honors be addressed;
   His great salvation shines abroad,
   And makes the nations blessed.

2. He spake the word to Abraham first:
   His truth fulfills his grace;
   The Gentiles make his name their trust,
   And learn his righteousness.

3. Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
   With all her different tongues;
   And spread the honors of his name,
   In melody and songs. *Watts.*

C. M.

113. *The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.*

1. JOY to the world—the Lord is come!
   Let earth receive her King;
   Let every heart prepare him room,
   And heaven and nature sing.

2. Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
   Let men their songs employ;
   While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
   Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
   Nor thorns infest the ground;
   He comes to make his blessings flow,
   Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
   And makes the nations prove
   The glories of his righteousness,
   And wonders of his love. *Watts.*

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song, Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand, and ho-ly arm, The conquest he has won,
The conquest he has won, The con-quest he has won.

C. M.

114. *Praise to the Lord.*

1. SING to the Lord a new-made song,
   Who wondrous things has done;
   With his right hand, and holy arm,
   The conquest he has won.

2. The Lord has through th' astonished world
   Displayed his saving might;
   And made his righteous acts appear
   In all the heathen's sight.

3. Of Israel's house his love and truth
   Have ever mindful been;
   And earth's remotest tribes the power
   Of Israel's God have seen.

4. Let all the people of the earth
   Their cheerful voices raise;
   Let all, with universal joy,
   Resound their Maker's praise.

Tate and Brady.

C. M.

115. *Prayer for the Success of Missions.*

1. LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
   Armed with thy Spirit's power;
   Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
   And bless the saving hour.

2. Beneath the influence of thy grace
   The barren wastes shall rise,
   With sudden greens and fruits arrayed—
   A blooming Paradise.

3. True holiness shall strike its root
   In each regenerate heart;
   Shall in a growth divine arise,
   And heavenly fruits impart.

4. Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
   Her wings from shore to shore;
   No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
   Nor murderous cannon roar.

5. Lord, for those days we wait—those days
   Are in thy word foretold;
   Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
   This promised age of gold.

Gibbons.

SILVER STREET. S. M.
SMITH.
Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

S. M.

116.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1. COME, we that love the Lord,
   And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
   And thus surround the throne.
2. Let those refuse to sing,
   Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
   May speak their joys abroad.
3. The hill of Zion yields
   A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
   Or walk the golden streets.
4. Then let our songs abound,
   And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
   To fairer worlds on high. *Watts.*

S. M.

117. *Salvation by Grace, from the first to the last.*

1. GRACE! 'tis a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound
And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. *Doddridge.*

S. M.

118. *Source and Office of Faith.*

1. FAITH! 'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2. Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3. To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4. Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me. *Beddome.*

S. M.

119.

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1. AWAKE, and sing the song
   Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
   To praise the Saviour's name.

2. Sing of his dying love;
   Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
   For those whose sins he bore.

3. Sing till we feel our heart,
   Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
   And grace inspires our song.

4. Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5. Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

6. Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. *Hammond.*

S. M.

120. *Christ's Mediation.*

1. RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2. Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose;
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3. His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4. 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by—
When Christ was sent with pardons down—
To rebels, doomed to die.

5. Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6. Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought;
And love and praise thy name. *Watts.*

SHAWMUT. S. M.
L. Mason.
And must this bo - dy die? This mor - tal frame de - cay?
And must these active limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?

S. M.

121.

Death and the Resurrection.

1. AND must this body die?
   This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
   Lie mouldering in the clay?

2. Corruption, earth, and worms,
   Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
   To put it on afresh.

3. God, my Redeemer, lives,
   And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
   Till he shall bid it rise.

4. Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5. These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6. Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues. *Watts.*

S. M.

122. *Adoption.*

1. BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2. 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3. Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4. A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5. If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6. We would no longer lie,
Like slaves, beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry.
And thou the kindred own. *Watts.*

ST. THOMAS. S. M.
WILLIAMS.
Re-joice! the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a-dore;
Ye ransomed saints, give thanks and sing, And triumph ev-er-more!

S. M.

123.

Christ our King.

1. REJOICE! the Lord is King!
   Your Lord and King adore;
Ye ransomed saints, give thanks and sing,
   And triumph evermore!
2. The mighty Saviour reigns,
   The God of truth and love;
When he himself had purged our stains,
   He took his seat above.
3. His kingdom cannot fail;
   He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The sovereign keys of death and hell
   Into his hands are given.
4. He sits at God's right hand,
   Till all his foes submit,
And humbly bow to his command,
   And fall beneath his feet.

5. Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his waiting servants up
To their eternal home. *Burder's Coll.*

S. M.

124. *Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.*

1. O, BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2. They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3. While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

3. Let sinners learn to pray:
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone. *Watts.*

S. M.

125. *Christ unseen, yet beloved.*

1. NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2. On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3. And when we feel thy love,
Diviner joys arise;
On wings of faith we soar above,
To mansions in the skies. *Watts.*

SHERWOOD. S. M.
Dr. Boyce.
O bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee pro-claim;
And all that is with-in me, join To bless his ho - ly name.

S. M.

126. *Praise for Mercies.*

1. O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
   His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
   To bless his holy name.

2. O, bless the Lord, my soul;
   His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
   The Lord to thee is kind.

3. He will not always chide;
   He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
   And ready to abate.

4. The Lord forgives thy sins,
   Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
   And ransoms thee from death.

5. He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6. Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days—
O, bless the Lord, my soul. *Montgomery.*

S. M.

127. *Praise for Mercies.*

1. MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2. His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

3. High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed. *Watts.*

S. M.

128. *Providence and Grace.*

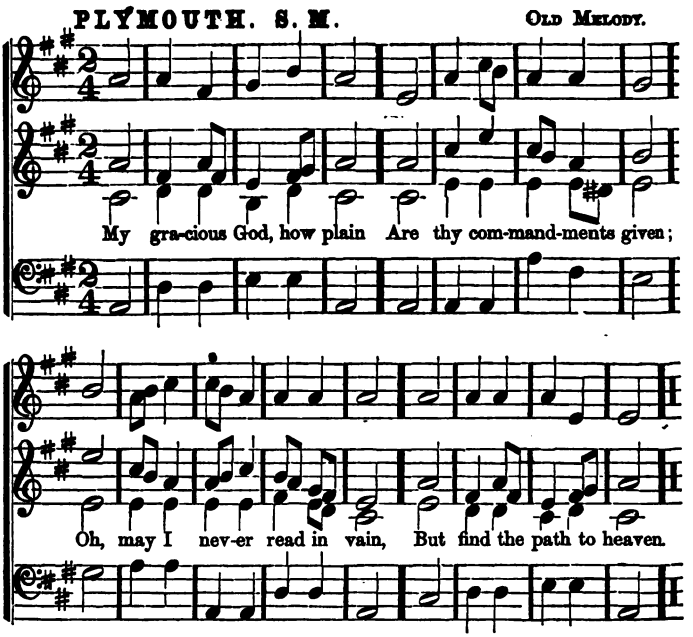
1. O THOU, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!
Unsent by thee no good can come,
No evil can befall.

2. Such are thy wondrous works,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all this wilderness.

3. 'Tis thine all-powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4. For such compassions, Lord!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

Montgomery's Coll.


PLYMOUTH. S. M.
Old Melody.
My gra-cious God, how plain Are thy com-mand-ments given;
Oh, may I nev-er read in vain, But find the path to heaven.

S. M.

129. *Light of the Spirit on the Word.*

1. MY gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given;
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

2. I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

3. O, who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

4. Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

5. While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God. *Watts.*

S. M.

130. *The Holy Spirit desired.*

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
2. Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
3. Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul:
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
5. Dwell Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. *Hart.*

S. M.

131. *The Indwelling Influences of the Spirit.*

1. 'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.
2. Supported by his grace
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
3. 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too. *Montgomery's Coll.*

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arranged by L. Mason.

S. M.

132.

Trust in God.

1. YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
   Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
   Bid every string awake.

2. Though in a foreign land,
   We are not far from home;
And nearer to our homes above
   We every moment come.

3. His grace will, to the end,
   Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
   Shall quench this spark divine.

4. When we in darkness walk,
   Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then will we trust our gracious God,
   And rest upon his name.

5. Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6. Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see. *Toplady.*

S. M.

133. *The Presence of Christ.*

1. WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear:
My wants are all supplied.

2. To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3. Dear Shepherd! if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

S. M.

134. *Safety in God.*

1. WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2. O, lead me to the Rock,
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3. Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4. Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same. *Watts.*

DENNIS. S. M.
Arranged by L. Mason.
How gen-tle God's commands! How kind his pre-cepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

S. M.

135.

Casting our Cares on God.

1. HOW gentle God's commands!
   How kind his precepts are!
   Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
   And trust his constant care.
2. His bounty will provide,
   His saints securely dwell;
   That hand which bears creation up,
   Shall guard his children well.
3. Why should this anxious load
   Press down your weary mind?
   O, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
   And peace and comfort find.
4. His goodness stands approved,
   Unchanged from day to day;
   I'll drop my burden at his feet,
   And bear a song away.

Doddridge.

S. M.

136.

Mercy of the Lord.

1. THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel—
He knows our feeble frame.

2. He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3. Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower!
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4. But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure. *Watts.*

S. M.

137.

God ever Near.

1. SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2. Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3. Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4. My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity. *Met. Coll.*

LABAN. S. M. L. Mason.

S. M.

138.

Watch and Pray.

1. MY soul, be on thy guard,—
   Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard
   To draw thee from the skies.

2. O, watch, and fight, and pray;
   The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly, every day,
   And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
   Nor once at ease sit down;
The arduous work will not be done,
   Till thou hast got thy crown.

Heath.

S. M.

139.

Christian Watchfulness.

1. A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die. *Wesley.*

S. M.

140.

The Answerer of Prayer.

1. COME, praying souls, rejoice,
And bless your Father's name;
With joy to him lift up your voice,
And all his love proclaim.

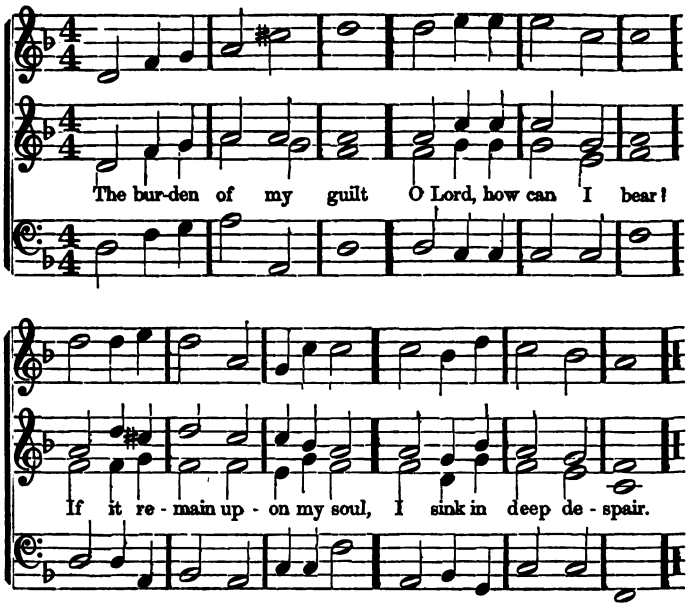
2. To all his praying saints
He ever will attend,
And to their sorrows and complaints
His ear in mercy bend.

3. Then blessed be the Lord,
Who has not turned away
His mercy, nor his precious word,
From those who love to pray.

4. No; still he bows his ear
In gentle pity down;
For praying breath he loves to hear,
And praying souls he'll crown.

5. Then let us still go on
In his appointed ways,
Rejoicing in his name alone,
In prayer and humble praise. *Medley.*

CHALMERS. S. M. S.



S. M.

141.

Repentance.

1. THE burden of my guilt,
   O Lord. how can I bear?
If it remain upon my soul,
   I sink in deep despair.

2. But I would hate my sin,
   As well as feel its pain;—
Would have my Lord rule all within,
   And bless his holy reign.

3. O, give me faith to see
   That thou hast borne the load —
Hast borne it once for all, for me,
   And made my peace with God.

4. O, that I might receive
   Th' assurance thou hast given,
That thou my soul wilt never leave,
   But bring me safe to heaven.

5. If thou bestow thy love,
To rule within my breast,
The grace that can my sin remove
Shall give me perfect rest. *C.*

S. M.

142. *Encouragement to Prayer.*

1. AND shall not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?
Yes; though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

2. His nature, truth, and love
Engage him on their side;
When they are grieved his bowels move;
And can they be denied?

3. Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care. *Newton.*

S. M.

143. *Prayer for Divine Help.*

1. MY God, my prayer attend;
O, bow thine ear to me,
Without a hope, without a friend,
Without a help but thee.

2. O, guard my soul around,
Which loves and trusts thy grace;
Nor let the powers of hell confound
The hopes on thee I place.

3. Thy mercy I entreat;
Let mercy hear my cries,
While, humbly waiting at thy seat,
My daily prayers arise.

4. O, bid my heart rejoice,
And every fear control,
Since at thy throne, with suppliant voice,
To thee I lift my soul. *Pratt's Coll.*

S. M.

144. *The Harvest past.*

1. I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan, with strict account,
My blessings wasted here.

2. Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

3. Soon will the harvest close—
The summer soon be o'er—
And soon your injured, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

4. Then, while 'tis called to-day,
O hear the gospel's sound;
Come, sinner, haste,—O haste away,
While pardon may be found. *Dwight.*

S. M.

145. *The Issues of Life and Death.*

1. O, WHERE shall rest be found?
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3. Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.

4. There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5. Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone. *Montgomery.*

S. M.

146. *Hope from the Gospel only.*

1. GOD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Burdened with guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2. Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done;
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3. Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4. High lifted on the cross,
The spotless victim dies;—
This is salvation's only source—
Hence all our hopes arise. Pratt's Coll.

S. M.

147. *Death and the Judgment.*

1. AND am I born to die?
   To lay this body down?
   And must my trembling spirit fly
   Into a world unknown?
2. Waked by the trumpet's sound,
   I from the grave must rise;
   And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
   And see the flaming skies.
3. How shall I leave my tomb?
   With triumph or regret?
   A fearful, or a joyful doom—
   A curse, or blessing meet?
4. I must from God be driven—
   Or with my Saviour dwell;
   Must come at his command to heaven—
   Or else depart—to hell.

5. O thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die—
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;—

6. Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear. *Luth. Coll.*

S. M.

148. *Believer's Safety in the Church.*

1. O, CEASE! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2. Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt abide;
There, sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest. *Epis. Coll.*

S. M.

149. *Now the accepted Time.*

1. NOW is th' accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2. Now is th' accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3. Now is th' accepted time;
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4. Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly,
To bear the news above. *Dobell.*

BOYLSTON. S. M.
L. Mason.
To - morrow, Lord, is thine! Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun a - rise and shine, It shines by thy com - mand.

S. M.

150.

Uncertainty of Life.

1. TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
   Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
   It shines by thy command.

2. The present moment flies,
   And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
   That they may live to-day.

3. Since on this fleeting hour
   Eternity is hung,
Awaken, by thy mighty power,
   The aged and the young.

4. One thing demands our care—
   Be that one thing pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
   Should never be renewed.

5. To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night. *Doddridge.*

151. S. M.

Inviting to Christ.

1. THE Spirit, in our hearts
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"
2. Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!
3. Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
4. Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour,
O blest Redeemer, come! *Epis. Coll.*

152. S. M.

The Sinner Arrested.

1. MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
My guilty soul, alas, "is dead
In trespasses and sins."
2. Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
3. When I review my ways,
I dread th' impending doom;
While yet some friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come!"
4. O that I now might see
Some glimmering from afar—
Some beam of hope to dawn on me,
And save me from despair. *Luth. Coll.*

OLNEY. S. M.
L. Mason.
How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!

S. M.

153. *The Blessedness of Gospel Times.*

1. HOW beauteous are their feet,
   Who stand on Zion's hill!
   Who bring salvation on their tongues,
   And words of peace reveal!
2. How charming is their voice!
   How sweet the tidings are!
   "Zion, behold thy Saviour—King—
   He reigns and triumphs here!"
3. How happy are our ears,
   That hear this joyful sound!
   Which kings and prophets waited for,
   And sought, but never found!
4. How blessed are our eyes,
   That see this heavenly light!
   Prophets and kings desired it long,
   But died without the sight!

5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. *Watts.*

S. M.

154. *Prayer for Success.*

1. O LORD, our God, arise!
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide, o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blessed reign.

2. Thou Prince of Life, arise!
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3. Thou Holy Ghost, arise!
Extend thy healing wing;
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring,

4. Let all on earth arise;
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring! *Presb. Coll.*

S. M.

155. *Praise to God.*

1. THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy grace for ever stands.

2. Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure;
Till morning light, and evening shade,
Shall be exchanged no more. *Watts.*

NUREMBURG. 7s.

6 7s.

156.

Prayer for Sanctification.

1. COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Thou wilt not be thrust away.

2. With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3. Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4. While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5. Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death. *Newton.*

7s.

157. *Influences of the Spirit.*

1. GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.
3. Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
4. Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine. *Stocker.*

7s.

158. *Prayer for Humility.*

1. WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and blind in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?
2. Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below!
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might?
3. So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.
4. Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love. *Wesley.*

CARVER STREET. 7s. OLD MELODY.

7s.

159. *A Blessing humbly Requested.*

1. LORD! we come before thee now:
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Lord! on thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
3. In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
4. Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5. Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6. Grant, that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,—
Let us all rejoice in thee. *Hammond.*

7s.

160. *Burdened Sinners invited to Christ.*

1. COME, ye weary souls oppressed,
Find in Christ the promised rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he mak whole.

2. Ye, who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood;
To the Son of David cry;
In his word he's passing by.

3. Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffered bliss. *Decourcy.*

7s.

161. *The Teaching Spirit.*

1. HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

2. Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3. Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.

4. May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above, *Bathurst.*

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.
Pleyel.
Haste, O sin - ner, now be wise; Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise, Harder is it to be won.

7s.

162. *Danger of Delay.*

1. HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
   Stay not for the morrow's sun;
   Wisdom if you still despise,
   Harder is it to be won.
2. Haste, and mercy now implore:
   Stay not for the morrow's sun,
   Lest thy season should be o'er,
   Ere this evening's stage be run.
3. Haste, O sinner; now return;
   Stay not for the morrow's sun;
   Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
   Ere salvation's work is done.
4. Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
   Stay not for the morrow's sun;
   Lest perdition thee arrest,
   Ere the morrow is begun.

T. Scott.

7s.

163. *Hope in Christ.*

1. SON of God, thy blessing grant;
Still supply our every want;
Tree of life, thy influence shed!
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2. Tenderest branch, alas! I lie,
Withered without thee, and die;
Weak as helpless infancy;
O, confirm my soul in thee!

3. Unsustained by thee, I fall;
Send the help for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4. All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me the continuing grace;
Take the everlasting praise. *Wesley.*

7s.

164. *Mercy of Christ.*

1. DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2. I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3. Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare:
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4. There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5. Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more. *Wesley.*

ZADOC. 7s. 6 lines. T. HASTINGS.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal - ing flood,
Be of sin the dou-ble cure,—Save from wrath, and make me pure.

7s.

165. *"Rock of Ages."*

1. ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2. Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,—
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring—
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. *Toplady.*

7s.

166. *Sun of Righteousness.*

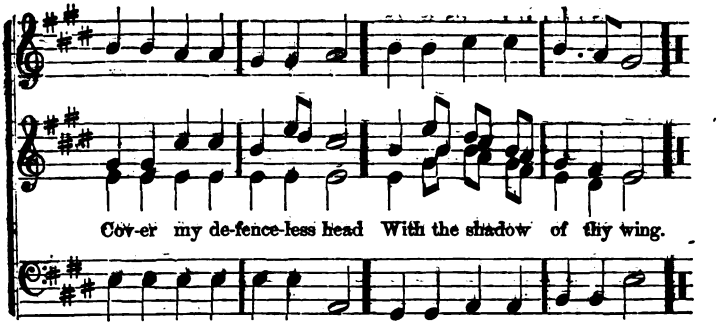
1. CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2. Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;—
Till thy inward light impart
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3. Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. *Toplady.*

BOWRING. 7s. Double. NAUMAN.

Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly;
While the raging bil-lows roll, While the tem-pest still is high;—
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;



7s.

167. *Christ a Refuge.*

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,
   Let me to thy bosom fly;
   While the raging billows roll,
   While the tempest still is high:—
   All my trust on thee is stayed,
   All my help from thee I bring;
   Cover my defenceless head
   With the shadow of thy wing.

2. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
   Boundless love in thee I find;
   Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
   Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
   Just and holy is thy name,
   I am all unrighteousness;
   Vile and full of sin I am,
   Thou art full of truth and grace.

3. Other refuge have I none—
   Helpless hangs my soul on thee:
   Leave, O leave me not alone,
   Still support and comfort me.
   Hide me, O my Saviour! hide
   Till the storm of life be past;
   Safe into the haven guide;
   O, receive my soul at last. *Wesley.*

SICILY. 8s & 7s.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing! Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, nev-er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

168. 8s & 7s.

Redeeming Love.

1. COME, thou Fount of every blessing!
   Tune my heart to grateful lays;
   Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
   Call for songs of loudest praise.
2. Teach me some melodious measure,
   Sung by raptured saints above;
   Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
   While I sing redeeming love.
3. Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
   Wandering from the fold of God;
   He, to save my soul from danger,
   Interposed his precious blood.
4. O! to grace how great a debtor,
   Daily I'm constrained to be!
   Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
   Bind my wandering heart to thee.

5. Prone to wander,—Lord! I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O! take and seal it,—
Seal it from thy courts above. *Robinson.*

8s & 7s.

169.

Prayer for a Revival.

1. SAVIOUR! visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord! a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2. Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4. Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh. *Newton.*

8s & 7s.

170.

Sowing and Reaping.

1. HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labor shall succeed,

2. When shall fall the rain of heaven,
And the sun of mercy shine;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3. Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy mind employ;
Be the prospect e'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4. Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening;
Sure the harvest time is near. *Ch. Psalmist.*

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.
Arranged by L. Mason.
O thou Sun of glorious splendor, Shine with healing in thy wing;
Chase away these shades of darkness, Holy light and comfort bring.

8s & 7s.

171.

Desiring Christ's Triumph.

1. O THOU Sun of glorious splendor,
   Shine with healing in thy wing;
   Chase away these shades of darkness,
   Holy light and comfort bring.

2. Let the heralds of salvation
   Round the world with joy proclaim,
   "Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished
   Through the great Immanuel's name."

3. Take thy power, almighty Saviour;
   Claim the nations for thine own;
   Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
   Till each heart becomes thy throne.

4. Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,
   Decked with heavenly splendor bright,
   Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling,
   As, at first, the Lord's delight.

Urwick's Coll.

8s & 7s.

172. *Redemption.*

1. SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
   Which before the cross I spend;
   Life, and health, and peace possessing,
   From the sinner's dying friend.

2. Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
   Mercy streaming in his blood;
   Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
   Plead and claim my peace with God.

3. Here it is I find my heaven,
   While upon the cross I gaze;
   Love I much—I've much forgiven—
   I'm a miracle of grace.

4. Love and grief my heart dividing,
   Gazing here I'd spend my breath;
   Constant still in faith abiding,
   Life deriving from his death.

5. Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
   Fix my heart and eyes on thine,
   Till I taste thy whole salvation,
   Where, unveiled, thy glories shine. *Batty.*

8s & 7s.

173. *Glory of Christ.*

1. JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
   There for ever to abide;
   All the heavenly host adore thee,
   Seated at thy Father's side.

2. There for sinners thou art pleading,
   There thou dost our place prepare:
   Ever for us interceding,
   Till in glory we appear.

3. Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
   Thou art worthy to receive;
   Loudest praises without ceasing,
   Meet it is for us to give.

4. Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
   Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
   Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
   Help to chant Immanuel's praise. *Hill's Coll.*

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.
Rousseau.
Gently, Lord. O gently lead us, Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears.
Let thy goodness never fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.
D. C.
D. C.
When temptation's darts assail us, When in devious paths we stray;
D. C.

8s & 7s.

174. *The Pilgrim.*

1. GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
   Through this lonely vale of tears!
   Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
   Till our last great change appears:
   When temptation's darts assail us,
   When in devious paths we stray,
   Let thy goodness never fail us,
   Lead us in thy perfect way.

2. In the hour of pain and anguish,
   In the hour when death draws near,
   Suffer not our hearts to languish,
   Suffer not our souls to fear:
   And, when mortal life is ended,
   Bid us on thy bosom rest;
   Till, by angel-bands attended,
   We awake among the blest. *Hastings.*

8s & 7s.

175. *Taking up the Cross.*

4. JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known!
Yet how rich is my condition,—
God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
O! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

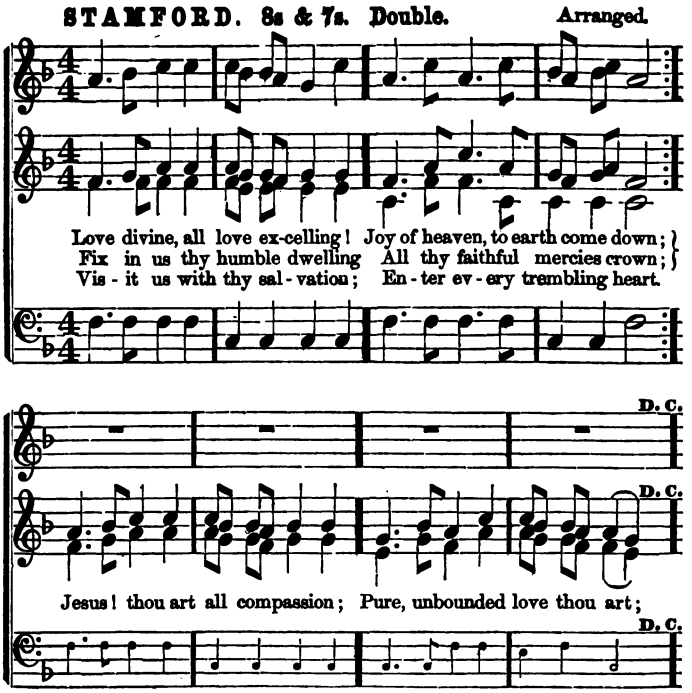
3. Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor life is gain:
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee. *Montgomery.*

8s & 7s.

176. *Joyful Hope.*

1. KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think, what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee;
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

2. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith, and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. Montgomery


STAMFORD. 8s & 7s. Double. Arranged.
Love divine, all love ex-celling! Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling All thy faithful mercies crown;
Vis - it us with thy sal - vation; En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.
D. C.
D. C.
Jesus! thou art all compassion; Pure, unbounded love thou art;
D. C.

8s & 7s.

177. *Love Divine.*

1. LOVE divine, all love excelling!
   Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
   Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
   All thy faithful mercies crown;
   Jesus! thou art all compassion;
   Pure, unbounded love thou art;
   Visit us with thy salvation;
   Enter every trembling heart.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
   Into every troubled breast;
   Let us all thy grace inherit;
   Let us find thy promised rest;

Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,—
Bring us to eternal day.

3. Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. *Wesley.*

8s & 7s.

178. *The Light of the World.*

1. LIGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath;
Thou, the heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

2. Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart:
Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel-grace.

3. Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation;
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace. *Pratt's Coll.*

ZION. 8s, 7s, & 4.
T. Hastings.
Guide me, O thou great Je-hovah! Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven! Feed me till I want no more.
Bread of heaven! Feed me till I want no more.

8s, 7s, & 4.

179. *God, the Pilgrim's Guide.*

1. GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. *Robinson.*

180. 8s, 7s, & 4.

Hope encouraged.

1. O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fear begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2. Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Though thy heart is stained with sin,
Jesus lives, he'll ne'er forget thee,
He will make thee pure within;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

3. Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Thou shalt praise him,—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4. O, that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy spirits!
When shall I your chorus join? *Fawcett.*

BREST. 8s. 7s. & 4.
L. Mason.
Day of judgment! day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound;
Loud - er than ten thous-and thunders, Shakes the vast creation round!
How the sum-mons Will the sin - ner's heart con - found.

181. 8s, 7s, & 4.

Saints and Sinners Judged.

1. DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2. See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

3. At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4. But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know. *Newton.*

8s, 7s, & 4.

182. *The Voice of Mercy.*

1. HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2. See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread!
Hark! the awful thunder rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head!
Turn, O sinner!
Lest the lightning strike you dead.

3. Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay. *Reed.*

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

Dr. Nares.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better por - tion trace;
Rise from tran-sit - o - ry things, Toward heaven thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay, Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, aud haste a - way, To seats pre-pared a - bove.

183. 7s & 6s.

Pilgrim's Song.

1. RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
   Thy better portion trace;
   Rise from transitory things,
   Toward heaven, thy native place:
   Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
   Time shall soon this earth remove;
   Rise, my soul, and haste away,
   To seats prepared above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
   Nor stay in all their course;
   Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
   Both speed them to their source;
   So a soul that's born of God,
   Pants to view his glorious face;
   Upward tends to his abode,
   To rest in his embrace.

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
   Press onward to the prize;
   Soon the Saviour will return,
   Triumphant in the skies:
   Yet a season, and you know
   Happy entrance will be given;
   All our sorrows left below,
   And earth exchanged for heaven. *Cennick.*

184. 7s & 6s.

Prayer for Purity.

1. GOD of my salvation hear
   And help me to believe;
   Simply do I now draw near,
   Thy blessing to receive:
   Full of guilt alas! I am,
   To thy wounds for refuge flee;
   Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
   Thy blood was shed for me.

2. Saviour, from thy wounded side
   I never will depart;
   Here will I my spirit hide,
   Till I am pure in heart;
   Till my place above I claim,
   Only this shall be my plea,
   Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
   Thy blood was shed for me. Wesley.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

L. Mason.

O, when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove!
And from that flowing fountain Drink ev - er - last - ing love!
When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin!

7s & 6s.

185. *Longing to see Jesus.*

1. O, WHEN shall I see Jesus,
   And reign with him above?
   And from that flowing fountain
   Drink everlasting love?
   When shall I be delivered
   From this vain world of sin?
   And with my blessed Jesus
   Drink endless pleasures in?

2. But now I am a soldier;
   My captain's gone before;
   He's given me my orders,
   And bid me not give o'er;
   His faithful word has promised
   A righteous crown to give;
   And all his valiant soldiers
   Eternal life shall have.

3. Through grace, I am determined
   To conquer, though I die;
   And then away to Jesus
   On wings of love to fly.
   Farewell to sin and sorrow—
   I bid you all adieu!
   And O, my friends, prove faithful,
   And on your way pursue.

4. And if you meet with troubles
   And trials on your way,
   Then cast your cares on Jesus,
   And don't forget to pray.
   Gird on the heavenly armor
   Of faith, and hope, and love;
   Then, when the combat's ended,
   He'll carry you above. *Tiebout's Coll.*

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

L. Mason.

p
My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry!
Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly thine.

6s & 4s.

186. *Christ, our Confidence.*

1. MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary!
Saviour divine!
Now hear me, while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O! let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,—
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O! bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul! *Palmer.*

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.
GIARDINI.
Come, thou al - migh - ty King! Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise: Father! all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
- to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days!

187. 6s & 4s.

Invocation.

1. COME, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise:

Father! all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2. Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3. Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4. To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. *Madan's Coll.*

6s & 4s.

188. *Worthy the Lamb.*

1. GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply—
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing for evermore—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2. Ye, who surround the throne!
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Ye, who have felt his blood,
Sealing your peace with God!
Sound his dear name abroad,—
"Worthy the Lamb!" *Hill's Coll.*

LYONS. 10s & 11s, or 5s & 6s.

HAYDN.

Ye servants of God! your Master proclaim, And publish a-
- broad his won-der- ful name: The name, all vic - torious, of
Jesus ex - tol; His kingdom is glorious, and rules o - ver all.

10s & 11s, or 5s & 6s.

189.

God's Servants should praise Him.

1. YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name, all victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2. God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing.
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3. "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
Immanuel's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4. Then let us adore, and give him his right,—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Whitefield's Coll.

10s & 11s, or 5s & 6s.

190.

Unbelief banished.

1. BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near;
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2. Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 't is his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken will surely prevail.

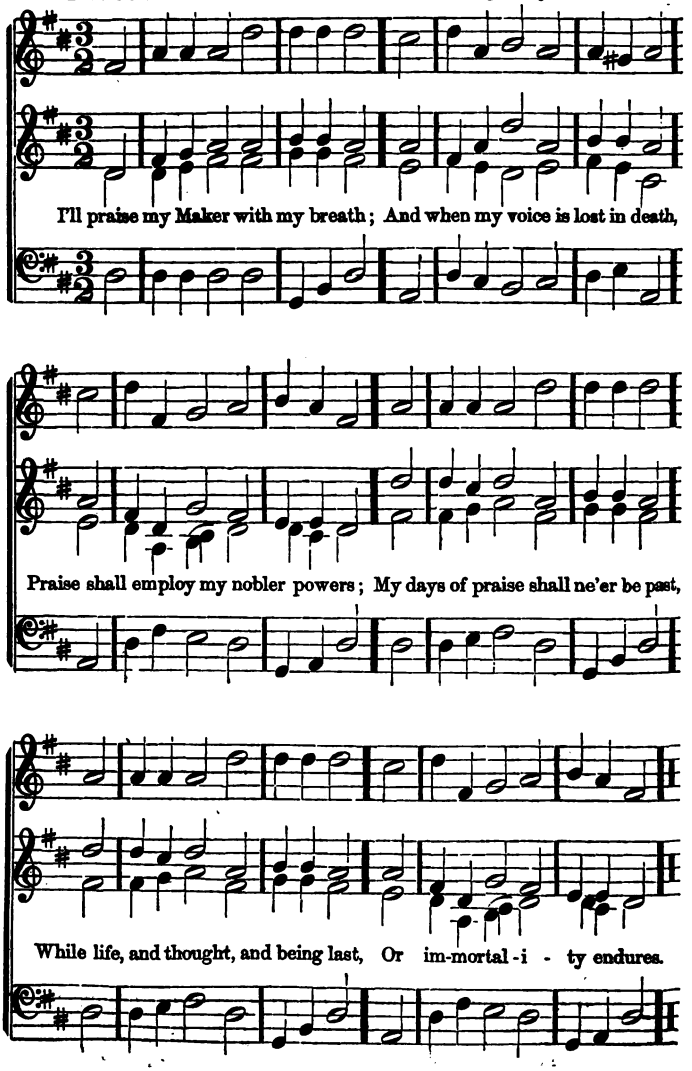
3. His love in time past forbids me to think
He 'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure, to help me quite through.

4. Determined to save, he watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame?

For verses 5, 6, and 7, of the 190th hymn, see p. 246.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

Arranged by L. Mason.


I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last, Or im-mortal-i - ty endures.

L. P. M.

191. *Praise for Divine Goodness and Truth.*

1. I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2. Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3. He loves his saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains. *Watts.*

L. P. M.

192. *Backslider's Return through Christ.*

1. WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2. O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
(More full of grace than I of sin,)
Yet once again I seek thy face;
Open thine arms, and take me in,—
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3. Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirits to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer. *Wesley.*

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

L. Mason.

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

C. P. M.

193. *The Saint at Christ's Right Hand.*

1. WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2. Blest Saviour! grant it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,—
Nor let me fall, I pray.

3. Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then, filled with rapture, shall I sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Ovington's Sel.

C. P. M.

194. *The Excellency of Christ.*

1. O! COULD I speak the matchless worth,—
O! could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2. I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3. Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend—
Triumphant in his grace.

Medley.

DALSTON. S. P. M.
A. Williams.
O Lord, to thee I call! Thou art my all in all,
My life, my strength, my light, my day; And when thy face I seek,
The clouds around me break, And doubt and darkness flee a - way.

S. P. M.

195. *Christ, the Fount of Life.*

1. O LORD, to thee I call!
Thou art my all in all,
My life, my strength, my light, my day;
And when thy face I seek,
The clouds around me break,
And doubt and darkness flee away.

2. To thee my soul I bring,
Thou sweet, celestial Spring
Of truth and grace, of joy and peace;
My hope in heaven above,
The object of my love,
And source of everlasting bliss.

3. Spring up within my breast,
Thou Fount of sacred rest!
And let me freely drink of thee:
I'll drink, and drink again,
Till all the love of sin
Is quenched by thy dear grace in me. *C.*

S. P. M.

196. *Prayer for Sanctification.*

1. TEACH me, my gracious Lord,
Obedient to thy word,
In faith to tread thy heavenly way;
For if thou live in me,
Then I shall live to thee,
Nor ever from thy footsteps stray.

2. In every trying hour,
Break thou the tempter's power,
And make me faithful unto death;
Keep all my graces bright,
And, by thy saving might,
Secure the victory of my faith.

3. My sins to me reveal;
The law of death repeal;
Set up the kingdom of thy love!
The law of life impart,
Thy Spirit in my heart,
And bring me safe to heaven above. *C.*

ST. LOUIS. S. P. M. S.

My Lord, I would be thine, Would sing thy love di - vine,
And la - bor for thee while I live; But thou must still im - part
The constant, loving heart, Else there is nothing I can give.

S. P. M.

197. *The Life of Prayer.*

1. MY Lord, I would be thine,
Would sing thy love divine,
And labor for thee while I live;
But thou must still impart
The constant, loving heart,
Else there is nothing I can give.

2. Then to thy mercy-seat
My soul would fain retreat,
And there present my powerful plea—
The might of his dear name,
Who bore my sin and shame,—
The dying Lamb, once slain for me.

3. There I shall find relief,
'Midst all my care and grief,
From unbelief, and sin, and pain;
The atmosphere of prayer
Shall be my native air,
And Christ in me shall live and reign. *C.*

S. P. M.

198. *The Grace of the Cross.*

1. BLEST be the wondrous grace,
That gives my soul a place
Within the mansions of thy love!
That pardons all my sin,
And makes me pure within,
And writes my name in heaven above.

2. All good desires I owe,
And mercies, here below,
And thoughts of grace, and hopes of heaven,
To Him, whose suffering breath
Still prayed for me in death,—
Whose precious blood for me was given.

3. Lord, bind me to thy sway,
And keep me, every day,
Weaned from the world by thy dear cross;
May I, redeemed by grace,
Behold thy glorious face,
And count all other things but loss. *C.*

STOW. H. M.
L. Mason.
Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ev - er mor - tals knew, Or an - gels ev - er bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

H. M.

199. *Offices of Christ.*

1. JOIN all the glorious names
   Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
   Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2. Jesus, our great High Priest,
   Has shed his blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
   No sacrifice beside;
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3. O, thou almighty Lord,
   Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
   Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power; O, make us sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet. *Watts.*

H. M.

200. *Christ, our Shepherd and High Priest.*

1. I LOVE my Shepherd's voice;
   His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
   The thousands of his sheep;
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names;
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

2. Jesus, my great High Priest,
   Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
   No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3. Now let my soul arise,
   And tread the Tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
   To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way. *Watts.*

GROVE. H. M.

Ye ransomed sinners, hear, Ye prisoners of the Lord;
And wait till Christ ap - pear Ac - cord - ing to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me, We shall from all our sins be free.

H. M.

201.

Christ, our Hope.

1. YE ransomed sinners, hear,
Ye prisoners of the Lord;
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2. In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

3. Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free. *Wesley.*

H. M.

202.

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

1. O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2. Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
O, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

3. O, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.

Campbell's Coll.

C. M. MARLOW (p. 38).

203.

Glories of God in Redemption.

1. FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
   How high thy wonders rise!
   Known through the earth by thousand signs,
   By thousands through the skies.

2. But when we view thy strange design
   To save rebellious worms,
   Where vengeance and compassion join
   In their divinest forms;—

3. Here the whole Deity is known;
   Nor dares a creature guess—
   Which of the glories brightest shone—
   The justice or the grace.

4. Now the full glories of the Lamb
   Adorn the heavenly plains;
   Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
   And try their choicest strains.

5. O, may I bear some humble part
   In that immortal song!
   Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
   And love command my tongue. *Watts.*

C. M. YORK (p. 72).

204.

God's Eternal Dominion.

1. GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
   What worthless worms are we!
   Let the whole race of creatures bow,
   And pay their praise to thee.

2. Thy throne eternal ages stood,
   Ere seas or stars were made:
   Thou art the ever-living God,
   Were all the nations dead.

3. Nature and time quite naked lie,
   To thine immense survey,—
   From the formation of the sky,
   To the great, burning day.

4. Eternity, with all its years,
   Stands present in thy view;
   To thee there's nothing old appears—
   Great God, there's nothing new.

5. Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6. Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee. *Watts.*

205. C. M. St. Ann's (p. 40).

God's Omnipresence and Omniscience.

1. IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2. Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4. O wondrous knowledge, deep and high:
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5. So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love. *Watts.*

206. C. M. Farrant (p. 56).

God Almighty and Omnipresent.

1. GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.

2. To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just;
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust.—

3. O, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed!
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast.

4. Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head. *Scott.*

H. M. GROVE (p. 156).

207. *Perfections of God's Government.*

1. THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2. The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms, and seals the grace.

3. Through all his perfect work,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs:
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees, his sovereign will.

4. And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word:
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord. *Watts.*

L. M. UXBRIDGE (p. 8.)

208. *Perfections, Providence, and Grace of God.*

1. HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2. Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thine hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3. My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4. From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5. Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word. *Watts.*

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE TO GOD.

L. M. Rose Hill (p. 10).

209. *God's Love in Life and Death.*

1. THY wondrous grace bestowed on me,
Dear Lord, in every thing I see;
In this wide world where can I rove,
But still I find thy matchless love?

2. All things together work for good,
If with thy love my heart's imbued;
Beside thine all-abounding grace,
No evil ever can have place.

3. Through all the business of the day,
Thy loving-kindness marks my way;
And I will make, by day and night,
Thy loving-kindness my delight.

4. Upon the brink of Jordan's stream,
Thy love shall be my dying theme,
And when I reach the heavenly shore,
I'll praise thy love for ever more. *C.*

C. M. DEDHAM (p. 50).

210.

Thanks for Providence and Grace.

1. ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
   Kind Guardian of my days!
   Thy mercies let my heart record
   In songs of grateful praise.

2. In life's first dawn my tender frame
   Was thine indulgent care;
   Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
   Or breathe the infant prayer.

3. Yet I adore thee, gracious Lord,
   For favors more divine;—
   That I have known thy sacred word,
   Where all thy glories shine.

4. When blest with that transporting view
   That Jesus died for me:
   For this sweet hope what praise is due,
   O God of Grace, to thee!

5. Now shall my joyful powers unite,
   In more exalted lays,
   Till I shall join the sons of light,
   In everlasting praise. *Steele.*

L. M. ROCKINGHAM (p. 12).

211.

Praise for God's Grace.

1. LORD, I would make thy matchless grace
   My soul's delight and hiding-place;
   O give me faith its depths to see.
   And find my heaven, my all in thee.

2. Thy loving-kindness is the spring,
   Whence all my happiness I bring;
   Safe in thy love I will abide,
   And ask for nothing else beside.

3. When I with doubts and fears am filled,
   Thy loving-kindness is my shield;
   Thy word the tempter's power can break,
   And I am strong, when I am weak.

4. By Satan I should conquered be,
   But thy dear love recovers me;
   I should be often put to flight,
   But grace maintains th' unequal fight.

5. Thy loving-kindness I adore,
And live upon it every hour;
O, let me all its fullness prove,
And find it everlasting love. *C.*

S. M. PLYMOUTH (p. 96).

212. *God our Creator and Benefactor.*

1. MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2. Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3. The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

4. Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

5. Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6. O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine. *Steele.*

L. M. NAZARETH (p. 30).

213. *Loving-kindness.*

1. THY loving-kindness, Lord, I sing,
Of grace and life the sacred spring;—
The spring o'erflowing, rich, and free,
In precious blood, once shed for me.

2. I to thy mercy-seat repair,
And find thy loving-kindness there;
And when to thy sweet word I go,
Thy loving kindness there I know.

3. Each evening, from the world apart,
Thy loving kindness cheers my heart;
And when the day salutes mine eyes,
I see thy loving-kindness rise.

4. Lord, from the moment of my birth,
I've nothing known but love on earth;
By day, by night, where'er I be,
Thy loving-kindness follows me.

5. From daily sin and daily wo
Thy loving-kindness saves me now;
And I will praise, for sins forgiven,
Thy loving-kindness all, in heaven. *C.*

214. S. M. SELDEN (p. 88).

Preserving Grace.

1. TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2. 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3. He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4. Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer God
Wisdom with power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs. *Watts.*

THE SPIRIT AND THE WORD.

S. M. OLMUTZ (p. 98).

215. *Influences of the Spirit implored.*

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
2. O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
3. Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days. *Rippon's Coll.*

S. M. ST. THOMAS (p. 92).

216. *Prayer for the Spirit.*

1. BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
To guide our souls above.
2. Draw, with thy still, small voice,
From every sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
3. By thine inspiring breath,
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.
4. O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace. *Pratt's Coll.*

C. M. DOWNS (p. 62).

217. *The Riches of God's Word.*

1. LET worldly men, from shore to shore,
Their chosen good pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than treasures of Peru.

2. Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are opened to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3. The counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4. Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love,
Our ardent wishes meet.

5. Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blessed,
Is in this book denied. *Stennett.*

218.

C. M. DUNDEE (p. 60).

The Holy Scriptures.

1. LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2. The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3. This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4. Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells within.

5. This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6. O, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand. *Watts*

C. M. MEAR (p. 74).

219.

Perfection of God's Word.

1. LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look.

2. Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could show one sin forgiven;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3. I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection, here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4. In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

5. Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord. *Watts.*

L. M. WARD (p. 14).

220.

The Word, the Church's Safety.

1. GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2. Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God:
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4. That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
5. Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power. *Watts.*

L. M. ROCKINGHAM (p. 12).

221. *The Vision of Faith through the Word*

1. O, HOW I love the holy light
That beams upon the sacred word,
When faith supplies a heavenly sight,
And shows the footsteps of my Lord.
2. His name in every line I view,
That precious name, to sinners dear;
His loving-kindness I pursue,
And find it shining everywhere.
3. This vision is the gift of love;
And faith, our faculty divine,
Takes the enlightened soul above,
And makes the gates of glory shine.
4. Lord, for this gift what thanks we owe!
For the sweet light that cheers us here;
That we so much of heaven may know,
Before its pearly gates appear. *C.*

THE THRONE OF GRACE AND PRAYER.

C. M. DOWNS (p. 62).

222. *The Nature of Prayer.*

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed:
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;—
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6. O thou, by whom we come to God!
The life, the truth, the way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord! teach us how to pray. *Montgomery.*

223. S. M. BOYLSTON (p. 110).

The Throne of Grace.

1. BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2. Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3. Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine. *Newton.*

224. C. M. HOWARD (p. 50).

Prayer.

1. O, THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2. I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3. He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God—
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
I'd plead my Saviour's blood.

4. My God will pity my complaints,
And drive my foes away;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
When they in sorrow pray.

5. Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there. *Newton.*

C. M. DENNY (p. 80).

225. *Prevailing with God.*

1. TEACH me, O thou that hearest prayer,
From unbelief set free,
To plead my Saviour's glorious name,
And thus prevail with thee.

2. A guilty, wretched, dying soul,
His name my only plea;
His precious blood I would present,
For that prevails with thee.

3. His sufferings, which did once atone,
I would look back and see;
Would claim thy promise for his sake,
And thus prevail with thee.

4. O that in faith my soul may say,
He gave himself for me;
Then thou wilt all things freely give,
And I'll prevail with thee. *C.*

C. M. YORK (p. 72).

226. *Retirement and Meditation.*

1. FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

3. There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God.

4. Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, thou art mine.

5. What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more. *Cowper.*

227. S. M. SELDEN. (p. 88).

Communion with the Father and Christ.

1. OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2. God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3. How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood.

4. Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5. Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till this communion be complete
In nobler scenes above. *Doddridge.*

228. L. M. HAMBURG (p. 20).

Pardoning Grace.

1. FROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries:
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2. But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3. As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4. My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5. Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done. *Watts.*

229.

L. M. SUMMER (p. 18).

Prayer taught of God.

1. O LORD, my heart would fain retreat,
Confiding, to thy mercy-seat;
And when I come before thee there,
Thy grace must still inspire my prayer.

2. Thy grace must give the heart to pray,
And thou must teach me what to say;
I cannot seek thee as I ought,
Till by thy Spirit I am taught.

3. My thoughts go roving all abroad;
I want them thirsting after God;
My love so small, my faith so weak,
O how shall I thy mercy seek?

4. I long to feel thy love divine,
Yet want the faith to call thee mine;
Cleansed in the fount of Jesus' blood,
Thus only can I come to God.

5. And thou hast bid me seek thee still;
Dear Lord, thy promises fulfill;
The bruised reed thou wilt not break,
O save me, for thy mercy's sake. *C.*

CHRIST AND HIS CROSS.

C. M. MARLOW (p. 38).

230. *Christ "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."* JOHN xiv., 6.

1. THOU art the WAY—to thee alone
   From sin and death we flee;
   And he who would the Father seek,
   Must seek him, Lord, in thee.

2. Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
   True wisdom can impart;
   Thou only canst instruct the mind,
   And purify the heart.

3. Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
   Proclaims thy conquering arm;
   And those who put their trust in thee
   Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life—
   Grant us to know that Way,
   That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
   Which lead to endless day. *Montgomery.*

L. M. GORHAM (p. 34).

231. *Christ a Living and Almighty Saviour.*

1. THE Saviour lives; no more to die;
   He lives, the Lord enthroned on high:
   He lives, triumphant o'er the grave:
   He lives, eternally to save!—

2. He lives, to still his servant's fears:
   He lives, to wipe away their tears:
   He lives, their mansions to prepare:
   He lives, to bring them safely there.

3. Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
   Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;
   With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
   For Christ the Lord is yet alive.

4. His saints he loves, and never leaves;
   The contrite sinner he receives;
   Abundant grace will he afford,
   Till all are present with the Lord. *Pratt's Coll.*

6s &. 4s. ITALIAN HYMN (p. 142).

232.

Worthy the Lamb.

1. COME, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
Praise ye our gracious King;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3. Hark—how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!" *Pratt's Coll.*

L. M. HEBRON (p. 24).

233.

The Sacrifice.

1. THE Lord of life, the Saviour dies,
For mortal crimes a sacrifice!
What love, what mercy, how divine!
Jesus, and can I call thee mine?

2. Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

3. Let humble, penitential wo
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart. *Steele.*

H. M. STOW (p. 154).

234. *Christ's Dying Love.*

1. COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest power exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2. He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, O, who can tell!
To save our souls from death and hell.

3. From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4. Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts—our all—to thee we give:
The gift, though small, do thou receive. *Stennett.*

L. M. DUKE STREET (p. 6).

235. *The Loving-kindness of the Lord.*

1. AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays.
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

2. He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, O, how great!

3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, O, how good!

4. I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from the Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last, expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.

6. Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies. *Medley.*

C. M. ABRIDGE (p. 66).

236. *Saints in the Hands of Christ.* JOHN x., 28, 29.

1. FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2. His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3. Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest. *Watts.*

S. M. SHAWMUT (p. 90).

237. *Grace in Christ.*

1. HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes;
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2. Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3. Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4. The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls, in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5. Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thy atoning blood. *Watts.*

C. M. DEDHAM (p. 50).

238. *Praise to the Saviour.*

1. O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3. Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4. He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me. *Wesley.*

L. M. SUMMER (p. 18).

239. *Submission in Christ.*

1. AMIDST all blessings from his hand,
Easy we find our Lord's command;
But when he takes his gifts away,
O then, 'tis harder to obey.

2. Yet then the humble, contrite soul,
Subdued by grace to God's control,
Will sorrowing to his footstool run,
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done.

3. Lord, grant this precious grace to me,
When earthly joys and comforts flee,
Submissive at thy feet to lie,
And feel my portion is on high.

4. For never shall my soul repine,
If I can say my Saviour's mine;
Though heart, and flesh, and vision fail,
I have a hope within the vail. *C.*

C. M. HOWARD (p. 52).

240.

Love to Christ.

1. DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2. Do not I love thee from my soul?—
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my soul to every joy
Which thou dost not approve.

3. Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5. Thou knowest I love thee, O my Lord,
But yet I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more. *Doddridge.*

L. M. DUKE STREET (p. 6).

241.

Faith in Christ's Intercession. HEB. vii., 25.

1. HE lives—the great Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!—
And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2. Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace.

3. Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts—
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4. In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5. Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail. *Steele*

C. M. HEBER (p. 78).

242. *"This do in Remembrance of Me."*

1. IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh:—

2. O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's wo!

3. While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee;
What love his latest words displayed,
"Meet and remember me!"

4. Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But his, recorded there. *Noel.*

L. M. WARD (p. 14).

243. *Enjoyment of Christ's Love.*

1. JESUS, thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2. Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3. O let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.

4. Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song. *Wesley.*

7s. NUREMBURG (p. 116).

244.

Assurance of Christ's Love.

1. HARK, my soul,—it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word!
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

2. "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3. "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4. "Thou shalt see my glory soon;
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

5. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more! *Cowper.*

8s, 7s, & 4. ZION (p. 132).

245.

"It is finished."

1. HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder!
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. "It is finished!" O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! *Francis.*

C. M. DOWNS (p. 62).

246. *Praise and Hope.*

1. O LORD, if in the book of life
My worthless name should stand,
In fairest characters, inscribed
By thine unerring hand,—

2. My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
For crowns above the skies;
And on my way, from heavenly stores,
Wilt grant me fresh supplies.

3. Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.

4. Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee. *Beddome.*

L. M. UXBRIDGE (p. 8).

247. *Christ, the only Refuge.*

1. THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2. Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3. Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4. Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile—one blissful smile of thine—
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5. Low at thy feet my soul would lie,—
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life—eternal life— is thine. *Steele.*

L. M. DUKE STREET (p. 6).

248. *Glory and Grace in Christ.*

1. NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim!

2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3. Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4. O! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold. *Watts.*

C. M. DUNDEE (p. 60).

249. *Jesus hasting to suffer.*

1. THE Saviour—what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!

2. Good will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross;
He longs to be baptised with blood!
He pants to reach the cross!

3. With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew—
'Twas love that urged him on.

4. Lord, we return thee—what we can!
Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation, to the dying MAN,
And to the rising GOD.

5. And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies. *Cowper.*

L. M. UXBRIDGE (p. 8).

250. *Faith connected with Salvation.*

1. NOT the best deeds that we have done,
Can make a wounded conscience whole;
Faith is the grace—and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

2. Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renewed;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardoned and subdued.

3. O, may thy grace its power display;
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain. *Watts.*

L. M. ROCKINGHAM (p. 12).

251. *Not ashamed of Christ.*

1. JESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2. Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3. Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his name.

4. Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me. *Gregg.*

252.

S. M. OLMUTZ (p. 98).

Distinguishing Grace.

1. NOT to myself I owe,
That I, O Lord, am thine;
Free grace hath all the shades broke through,
And caused the light to shine.

2. Me thou hast willing made,
Thy mercy to receive;
Called by the voice that wakes the dead,
I come to thee, and live.

3. Why was I made to see,
Although by nature blind?
Why am I taken home to thee,
And others left behind?

4. Because thy sovereign love
Was bent the worst to save;
Jesus, who reigns enthroned above,
The free salvation gave.

5. No more a child of wrath,
Thy smiling face I see;
And praise thee for the work of faith
Which thou hast wrought in me. *Toplady.*

253.

L. M. WELLS (p. 16).

Jesus our King.

1. JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2. Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour, when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

3. The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4. Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb. *Watts.*

S. M. DENTON (p. 108).

254. *Faith in Christ our Sacrifice*

1. NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,—
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4. My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,—
When hanging on the cursed tree,—
And hopes her guilt was there.

5. Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love. *Watts.*

C. M. FARRANT (p. 56).

255. *Old Things passed away.*

1. AS, by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

2. Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.

3. Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me.

4. Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For, if thou had'st not loved me first,
I had refused thee still. *Newton.*

C. M. MEAR (p. 74).

256. *Christ Precious.*

1. HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3. By him my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5. Till then I would thy love proclaim.
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. *Newton.*

C. M. STEPHENS (p. 70).

257. *The Lamb of God Worshipped.*

1. COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4. Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. *Watts.*

C. M. DUNDEE (p. 60).

258. *Various Success of the Gospel.*

1. CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2. But souls, enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word!
They see what wisdom, power, and love
Shine in their dying Lord.

3. The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4. Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain. *Watts.*

C. M. ST. ANN'S (p. 40).

259. *God reconciled in Christ.*

1. DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God—
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3. Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

4. But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5. While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast;
I love th' Incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust. *Watts.*

C. M. MARLOW (p. 38).

260. *Love of Christ celebrated.*

1. TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O, may his love—immortal flame!
Tune every heart and tongue.

2. His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3. Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

4. O, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song. *Steele.*

L. M. WARD (p. 14).

261. *Remembering Christ.*

1. O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot,—
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2. Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

4. O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies. *Select.*

C. M. ABRIDGE (p. 66).

262. *God's Presence is Light in Darkness.*

1. MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2. In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3. The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqueror through. *Watts.*

L. M. ROSE HILL (p. 10).

263. *Christ, the Heart's only Keeper.*

1. O LORD, when on the cross I see
Thy suffering life breathed out for me,
And hear thy meek, forgiving prayer,
Beneath the anguish thou didst bear,—

2. I think my sins, for ever slain,
No more within my heart shall reign;
I think thy dying love supreme,
Shall be my life's perpetual theme.

3. But if from thy dear cross I stray
Upon the world's ensnaring way,
My joys depart, my sins return,
My contrite feelings cease to burn.

4. Dear Lord, forbid the mournful change
That would my life from thee estrange;
O, make my heart thy constant throne,
And rule unrivalled and alone.

5. For I would live for thy dear name,
And count my former gain my shame;
O, let thy love and sufferings be
The death of self and sin in me. *C.*

7s & 6s. MISSIONARY HYMN (p. 138).

264.

Christ, the Great Physician.

1. HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2. From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me;
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

3. At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had sealed;
Then bade me look unto him:
I looked, and I was healed.

4. A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
Tis only, Look and live! Newton.

L. M. WELLS (p. 16).

265.

Christ, the Way.

1. JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

3. The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! I am the way."

4. Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive

5. Then will I tell, to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found!
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God." *Cennick.*

C. M. BARBY (p. 42).

266.

Comfort in the Covenant with Christ.

1. OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2. Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints—
Is faithful to his Son.

3. Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest. *Watts.*

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

H. M. GROVE (p. 156).

267. *The Heavenly Voyager.*

1. JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2. Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3. Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4. By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

Toplady.

C. M. BOND (p. 58).

268. *The Christian Race.*

1. AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4. Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down. *Doddridge.*

L. M. STONEFIELD (p. 28).

269. *The Christian Race.*

1. AWAKE, our souls! (away our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;)
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2. True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3. The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4. From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road. *Watts.*

S. M. SELDEN (p. 88).

270. *Attachment to the Church.*

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2. For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

3. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4. Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

5. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. *Dwight.*

C. M. HOWARD (p. 52).

271. *Watchfulness and Prayer.*

1. ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2. O, gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

3. Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4. O, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee. *Steele.*

7s & 6s. MISSIONARY HYMN (p. 138).

272. *Looking Forward.*

1. FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure,
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2. From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3. What though we are but strangers,
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love. *Watts.*

273.

L. M. ROCKINGHAM (p. 12).

God will provide.

1. AMIDST temptation and distress,
In all this earthly wilderness,
How sweet the assurance of our guide,
That everywhere God will provide.

2. When friends depart and foes are near,
When dangers fill this heart with fear,—
Beneath the promise I will hide;
'Gainst every ill God will provide.

3. Should health decline, and comforts flee,
O then this word shall comfort me;
I know my wants shall be supplied,
And faithful still, God will provide.

4. My sins are great, but can't prevail,
For Jesus' love shall never fail;
Within his grace I shall abide,
And God forever will provide.

5. O then begone, mine unbelief,
Thou cause of all my guilt and grief!
I hear the promise sweetly chide
My God, my Saviour, will provide. C.

THE CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

C. M. Woodstock (p. 68).

274. *Holy Fortitude.*

1. AM I a soldier of the cross?
   A follower of the Lamb?
   And shall I fear to own his cause,
   Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be carried to the skies,
   On flowery beds of ease?
   While others fought to win the prize,
   And sailed through bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
   Must I not stem the flood?
   Is this vile world a friend to grace,
   To help me on to God?

4. Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
   Increase my courage, Lord;
   I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
   Supported by thy word. *Watts.*

L. M. Hamburg (p. 20).

275. *Prayer for Protection and Guidance.*

1. O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
   The darkness shineth as the light,
   Search, prove my heart—it pants for thee;
   O, burst these bonds, and set it free!

2. If in this darksome wild I stray,
   Be thou my light—be thou my way;
   No foes, nor danger will I fear,
   While thou, my Saviour God, art near.

3. When rising floods my soul o'erflow;
   When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
   Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
   To raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4. O, let thy hand support me still,
   And lead me to thy holy hill,
   Where toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
   Where all is calm, and all is peace. *Steele.*

C. M. STEPHENS (p. 70).

276. *Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.*

1. MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2. The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

3. We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move,—
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;—

4. We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good:—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood.

5. Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6. Then shall our active spirits move;
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize. *Watts.*

C. M. FARRANT (p. 56).

277. *Indwelling Sin lamented.*

1. WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy cross, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude,

2. Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been—
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3. Yet I remember thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
I feel that what my God demands
Is his most rightful due.

4. Thy word I hear, thy counsels weigh,
And all thy works approve;
Still, nature finds it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5. How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
This warfare in my breast?
In mercy bow this stubborn will,
And give my spirit rest.

6. Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me. *Stennett.*

7s & 6s. AMSTERDAM (p. 136).

278.

The Release.

1. LAMB of God; whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
Every burdened soul release;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2. By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From iniquity release;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3. Through thy blood, by faith applied,
Let sinners pardon feel;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace! *Wesley's Coll.*

S. M. BOYLSTON (p. 116).

279. *Panting after God.*

1. MY gracious God, my soul
Hungers and thirsts for thee;
O, when shall I, without a cloud,
Thy face in glory see?

2. As when the hunted hart
Pants for the living spring,
So pants my soul for shelter, Lord,
Beneath thy covering wing.

3. I pour my strong desires
Before thy throne of grace;
O, grant the soul, that longs for God,
The shinings of thy face.

4. Thus, purified from sin,
Sustained upon my way,
May I from grace to glory rise,
In heaven's eternal day! *C.*

L. M. SUMMER (p. 18).

280. *Prayer of a Penitent.*

1. O, THAT the Lord would hear my cry,
And stay his anger lest I die!
Thy wrath is just—yet, O forgive,
And let a mourning sinner live.

2. In all my frame, without, within,
I feel the sad effects of sin;
How long, my God, must I complain,
And deprecate thy wrath in vain?

3. Lord, I should die deprived of thee!
What being else can succor me?
Thy frowns would rend my soul in death,
And sink it to the depths beneath.

4. Ye darling sins, that plague me so,
The greatest enemies I know,
Depart—for God hath heard my prayer,
And will not let me long despair.

5. No; I shall yet his goodness bless;
And when this transient life shall pass,
Then full of glory I shall prove
He can be just, and sinners love. Select.

C. M. CANTERBURY (p. 76).

281.

The Soul at Ease in Zion.

1. THERE is a way that seemeth right,
The steps go on with ease;
And conscience slumbers, while the soul
Forsakes the path of peace.—

2. A way that lulls the careless heart,—
There's death upon the air;
The soul that sleepeth, wakes at length
In anguish and despair.

3. There is a way that leads to death,—
God hath the warning given;
And multitudes pursue that way,
Still dreaming on of heaven.

4. Then let me tremble at the word,
That shows this danger nigh,
And wake, and pray, and keep the path,
That leads to joys on high.

5. For God will teach the contrite mind
The way of death to shun;
He ne'er will leave a praying soul
By sin to be undone. C.

L. M. UXBRIDGE (p. 8).

282.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

1. O, FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To chase the shades of night away!
To melt, with beams of love divine,
This unrelenting heart of mine.

2. The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The ocean roar, the mountain shake;
All nature feels, and gives the sign,
But not this stubborn heart of mine.

3. Dear Lord, the sorrows thou hast felt,
Might cause a heart of stone to melt;
Yet I can read each sacred line,
And nothing melt this heart of mine.

4. But power supreme the soul can move,
And purify, and melt to love;
Come, Holy Spirit, power divine,
O come, subdue this heart of mine. Hart.

S. M. SILVER STREET (p. 86).

283. *Grace and Glory.*

1. GRACE takes away my sin;
Grace likens me to God;
Then brings me where full glory reigns,
In his divine abode.

2. Grace is in conflict now,
But there's a heavenly home,
And grace inspires the lively hope
Of glory yet to come.

3. Dear Lord, thy grace impart,
That in the conflict here,
Made faithful unto death, I may
Thy radiant image wear.

4. Then shall I reign above,
And all thy glory see;
For thou hast said that where thou art,
There shall thy servant be. *C.*

S. M. ST. THOMAS (p. 92).

284. *The Christian's Warfare.*

1. SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;—

3. Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3. Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:—

4. That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5. From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day. *Wesley.*

THE CHRISTIAN HOPE AND HERITAGE.

C. M. DEDHAM (p. 50).

285. *The Righteous and the Wicked.*

1. MY God, the steps of pious men
   Are ordered by thy will;
   Though they should fall, they rise again,
   Thy hand supports them still.

2. The Lord delights to see their ways,
   Their virtue he approves;
   He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
   Nor leave the men he loves.

3. The heavenly heritage is theirs,
   Their portion and their home;
   He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
   Of blessings long to come. *Watts.*

S. M. DENNIS (p. 100).

286. *The Lord our Shepherd.*

1. THE Lord my shepherd is;
   I shall be well supplied;
   Since he is mine, and I am his,
   What can I want beside.

2. He leads me to the place
   Where heavenly pasture grows;
   Where living waters gently pass,
   And full salvation flows.

3. If e'er I go astray,
   He doth my soul reclaim;
   And guides me in his own right way,
   For his most holy name.

4. While he affords his aid
   I cannot yield to fear;
   Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
   My shepherd's with me there.

5. Amid surrounding foes
   Thou dost my table spread;
   My cup with blessings overflows,
   And joy exalts my head.

6. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise. *Watts.*

287. C. M. DOWNS (p. 62).

Constant Grace.

1. GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

2. Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.

3. They find access at every hour
To God, within the vail;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

4. O happy souls! O glorious state
Of ever-flowing grace!
To dwell so near the Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

5. Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine. *Watts.*

288. L. M. NAZARETH (p. 30).

The Christian daily Supported.

1. AFFLICTED soul, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2. The Christian race with patience run,
Till grace complete what grace begun;
Wrestle and strive for victory,
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

3. Though called to bear the weighty cross
Of sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, as thy days thy strength shall be.

4. When Jordan's waves appear in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

Anderson's Sel.

C. M. BARBY (p. 42).

289.

Aid and Victory in Spiritual Warfare.

1. FOREVER blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2. When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3. A friend and helper so divine,
Doth my weak courage raise:
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

Watts.

S. M. OLMUTZ (p. 98).

290.

Parting of Christian Friends.

1. BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. *Fawcett.*

291. L. M. ROCKINGHAM (p. 12).

The Robe of Righteousness.

1. O THAT I might be freed from sin!
So should my heaven on earth begin;
Then only can I find such bliss,
When Christ is mine, and I am his.

2. But I my Saviour's cannot be,
Unless his grace is wrought in me;
His heavenly image I must bear,
His robe of righteousness must wear.

3. This glorious robe arrays the soul,
Where love divine assumes control;
It cannot be for money bought,
By human hands it can't be wrought.

4. It is no sign, nor sacred rite,
Renewed at morn, or noon, or night;
Jesus unfolds it in the heart,
And spreads its light o'er every part.

5. For this, O Lord, I come to thee!
O, with this radiance cover me!
Then shall I be redeemed from sin,
When Jesus reigns supreme within. *C.*

292. L. M. WARD (p. 14).

Hope in the Covenant.

1. HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2. The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3. Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4. The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood. *Watts.*

L. M. STONEFIELD (p. 28).

293.

All-sufficient Grace.

1. ALTHOUGH temptations threaten round,
And feeble as the moth I'm found,
'Midst greatest dangers let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

2. And when my faith is like to fail,
And doubts and darkness most prevail,
Hold thou me up, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

3. When (heaven forgot) my foolish heart
In this vain world would choose its part,
Call back the wanderer, Lord, to thee,
And let thy grace my safety be.

4. When warring passions vex me sore,
And I dare trust myself no more;
Thy strength my stay in weakness be,
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

5. And when through death's dark vale I go,
O, let me then thy guidance know;
Then comfort send, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

Anderson's Sel.

L. M. WELLS (p. 16).

294.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

1. I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2. 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3. I hoped that in some favored hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4. Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5. Lord, why is this? I trembling cried;
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
"'Tis in this way, (the Lord replied,)
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

6. "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me." *Newton.*

L. M. UXBRIDGE (p. 8).

295. *Happiness in God.*

1. O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
O Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass these years of banishment.

2. All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
In heaven, in earth, or in the sea.

3. To me remains nor place, nor time
My country is in every clime,
I can be calm, and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.

4. While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5. Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot!
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all. *Madame Guyon.*

C. M. ST. ANN'S (p. 40).

296. *Happiness of the Christian.*

1. O, HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2. His conscience knows no secret stings,
   While grace and joy combine
   To form a life whose holy springs
   Are hidden and divine.

3. He waits in secret on his God,
   His God in secret sees;
   Let earth be all in arms abroad,—
   He dwells in heavenly peace.

4. His pleasures rise from things unseen,
   Beyond this world of time,
   Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
   Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5. He wants no pomp nor royal throne,
   To raise his figure here;
   Content and pleased to live alone,
   Till Christ his life appear. *Watts.*

CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION AND FAITH.

C. M. York (p. 72).

297. *Submission.*

1. O LORD, my best desire fulfill,
   And help me to resign
   Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
   And make thy pleasure mine.

2. Why should I shrink at thy command,
   Whose love forbids my fears?
   Or tremble at the gracious hand,
   That wipes away my tears?

3. O, let me rather freely yield
   What most I prize, to thee,
   Who never hast a good withheld,
   Or wilt withhold from me.

4. Thy favor, all my journey through,
   Thou art engaged to grant;
   What else I want, or think I do,
   'Tis better still to want.

5. Wisdom and mercy guide my way,—
Shall I resist them both?
A poor, blind creature of a day?
And crushed before the moth?

6. But, ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away. *Cowper.*

S. M. DENTON (p. 108).

298.

Resignation.

1. MOST gracious God, reveal
Thy will concerning me;
Whate'er I do, whate'er I feel,
I follow thy decree.

2. The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart impressed;
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.

3. While thou my leader art,
And makest me thine abode,
I find the witness in my heart
That I am born of God.

4. Father, thy will be done!
To thee I all resign;
The sole disposer of thine own,
Dispose of me and mine.

5. At thy command, I go,
Or quietly attend,
Till all my care and toil below
In rest eternal end. *Wesley.*

L. M. HEBRON (p. 24).

299.

Submission.

1. WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2. He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3. In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed
That what he does is ever best.

4. Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat:
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God. *Beddome.*

300.

S. M. SHAWMUT (p. 90).

Humbly waiting on God.

1. AND shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear?
To God, my Father, make my moan,
And he refuse to hear?

2. If he my Father be,
His pity he will show;
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

3. If still he silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.

4. Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair;
My sins are great—but not so great
As his compassions are. *Beddome*

301.

C. M. STEPHENS (p. 70).

Light shining out of Darkness.

1. GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. *Cowper.*

302. C. M. YORK (p. 72).

Power of Eternal Realities.

1. O COULD I keep, from hour to hour,
A sense of things divine,
And see upon my pathway here,
The light of glory shine;—

2. My soul, superior to the calls
Of pleasure, care, and sin,
Would press with restless fervor on,
The heavenly crown to win.

3. O could I see, as in a glass,
The glory of the Lord,
And daily into heaven look through
The windows of his word:—

4. By faith I'd mount, as on the wings
Of angels, far above;
And breathe the blessed air of heaven,
And dwell in perfect love.

5. So guide me, Lord, in faith and prayer,
And bear me up by grace,
Till faith is lost in heaven's own light,
And prayer is turned to praise. *C.*

303. C. M. ST. ANN'S (p. 40).

Holy Resignation.

1. IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2. It is the Lord who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3. It is the Lord, my faithful God,
Thrice blessed be his name;
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4. And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be faithless, or repine?
My gracious God, take what thou please,
To thee I all resign. *Green.*

HOPE AND PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

C. M. MARLOW (p. 98).

304. *The heavenly Jerusalem.*

1. JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?

2. O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4. Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5. Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. *Wesley.*

7s. CARVER STREET (p. 116).

305.

The Saints in Glory.

1. HIGH in yonder realms of light,
   Dwell the raptured saints above;
   Far beyond our feeble sight,
   Happy in Immanuel's love.

2. Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
   Once they knew, like us below,
   Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
   Torturing pain, and heavy wo.

3. Happy spirits, ye are fled
   Where no grief can entrance find;
   Lulled to rest the aching head,
   Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4. 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
   'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
   Hark! their songs melodious rise,—
   Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

C. M. HOWARD (p. 52).

306.

Assurance of Heaven.

1. AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
   That saves a wretch like me!
   I once was lost, but now am found;
   Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
   And grace my fears relieved;
   How precious did that grace appear,
   The hour I first believed!

3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares
   I have already come;
   'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
   And grace will lead me home.

4. Yes! when this flesh and heart shall fail,
   And mortal life shall cease,
   I shall possess, within the veil,
   A life of joy and peace.

5. This earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
   The sun forbear to shine;
   But God, who called me here below,
   Will be forever mine. *Newton.*

L. M. UXBRIDGE (p. 8).

307.

Rising to God.

1. NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2. Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3. Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4. Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5. To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below. *Gibbons.*

C. M. CANTERBURY (p. 76).

308.

Death and immediate Glory.

1. THERE is a house, not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2. Shortly the prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3. 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
Who forms thee fit for heaven;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4. We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee. *Watts.*

C. M. HOWARD (p. 52).

309.

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

1. OUR sins, alas! how strong they be,
And like a violent sea
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2. The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3. There, to fulfill his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4. There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace;
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5. Forever, his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue;
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song. *Watts.*

C. M. FARRANT (p. 56).

310.

The Peace and Repose of Heaven.

1. THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When signs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

3. There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4. There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy. *Tappan.*

WARNING AND INVITATION.

C. M. DUNDEE (p. 60).

311. *Sinners entreated.*

1. SINNERS, the voice of God regard!
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.
2. Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.
3. Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
4. Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go!
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal wo!
5. But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face. *Fawcett.*

8s & 7s. SICILY (p. 124).

312. *The Promised Rest.*

1. SINNERS, hear the mighty Saviour;
Love and pity fill his breast.
Now, in accents sweet he calls you,
Come and taste the promised rest.
2. Do ye fear your own unfitness,
Burdened as ye are with sin?
'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness;
Christ invites you—enter in.

3. Stay not, pondering on your sorrow,
Turn from your own self away,
Dare not linger till to-morrow,—
Come to Christ without delay.

4. Jesus, with thy word complying,
Firm our faith and hope shall be;
On thy faithfulness relying,
We will cast our souls on thee. *Select.*

313.

C. M. Downs (p. 62).

Trust in God.

1. HOW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

3. My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief.

4. To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest die.

5. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all. *Watts.*

314.

L. M. Rockingham (p. 12).

Invitation.

1. SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.

2. Ready the Father is to own
And welcome his returning son;
Ready the gracious Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3. Ready the Spirit from above
To fill the broken heart with love;
T' apply and witness Jesus' blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.

4. Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps by which they praise
The wonders of redeeming grace. *Wesley.*

315.

8s, 7s, & 4. ZION (p. 132).

Glad Tidings.

1. SINNERS! will you scorn the message,
Coming from the courts above?
Mercy speaks in every passage;
Every line is full of love;
O, believe it,
Every line is full of love.

2. Now, the heralds of salvation
Joyful news from heaven proclaim:—
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!
Life receiving—
Through the all-atoning Lamb.

3. Who hath their report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Freely offered by the Lord?
Life immortal,—
Freely offered by the Lord.

4. O, ye angels! hovering round us,—
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,—
Rebel sinners—
Glad the message will obey. *Allen.*

316.

L. M. HAMBURG (p. 20).

Invitation.

1. SINNERS, approach your dying Lord,
And find your happiness restored;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace,—

2. A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The trembling joys of penitence.

3. O, quit this world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesus' arms;
Wrestle, until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own. *Wesley.*

C. P. M. MERIBAH (p. 148).

317. *"Born Again."*

1. AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo."

2. Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,—
For death and hell drew near;
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain:
"The sinner must be born again,"
Still sounded in my ear.

3. When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
I no relief could find.—
This fearful truth increased my pain:
"The sinner must be born again,"
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4. The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,—
"The sinner must be born again,"—
I sunk in deep despair.

5. But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love. *Occum.*

8s, 7s, & 4. BREST (p. 134).

318.

Sinners entreated by the Mercies of Christ.

1. COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able—
He is willing—doubt no more.

2. Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3. Agonizing, in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him,—
There he groans, and bleeds, and dies:
"It is finished!"
Heaven's atoning sacrifice.

4. Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him—venture wholly—
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good. *Hart.*

C. M. BURFORD (p. 54).

319.

A Warning from the Grave.

1. BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven.

2. Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3. Turn, sinner, turn: thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

4. Turn, Christian, turn: thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live in heaven—or hell. *Heber.*

7s. NUREMBURG (p. 114).

320. *"Why will ye die? O House of Israel!"*

1. SINNERS! turn—why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.—

2. He the fatal cause demands,—
Asks the work of his own hands:
Why, O thankless creatures! why
Will ye spurn his love, and die?

3. Sinners! turn—why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who his own life did give
That ye might for ever live:—

4. Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, O ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

5. Sinners! turn—why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Moved you to embrace his love:—

6. Will ye not his love receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, O long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die? *Wesley.*

C. P. M. MERIBAH (p. 138).

321. *Present and Future Realities.*

1. LO! on a narrow neck of land,
Between two boundless seas I stand,—
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or, shuts me up in hell!

2. O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply, on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late;—
Wake me to righteousness.

3. Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4. Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsels to fulfill,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above:
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love. *Wesley.*

322. 7s. PLEYEL'S HYMN (p 118).

The Sinner at the Judgment.

1. WHEN thy mortal life is fled;
When the death-shades o'er thee spread;
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2. When the world has passed away;
When draws near the judgment-day;
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?

3. When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might;
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?

4. While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear. *Smith.*

8s & 7s. GREENVILLE (p. 128).

323.

Bartimeus.

1. "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."
Many for his crying chid him;
But he called the louder still,—
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

2. Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms, which none but he could give;
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day,"—
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

3. O! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
"Friend, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
O! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,—
He would cause them all to see." *Newton.*

S. M. DENTON (p. 108).

324.

Man condemned before God.

1. AH! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2. If he our ways should mark,
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3. All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4. The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake!
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake!

5. Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood. *Epis. Coll*

L. M. HAMBURG (p. 20).

325. *"Behold, I stand at the Door."*

1. BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2. O, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands!
O, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3. But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need:
The Friend of Sinners! yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary!

4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine—
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5. Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand. *Gregg.*

THE SINNER'S REFUGE AND PLEA.

L. M. NAZARETH (p. 30).

326. *Sinners submitting to God.*

1. LORD, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

2. From my own works at last I cease,—
God, who creates, must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

3. 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,—
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, is thine.

4. Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure;
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart. *Select Hymns.*

L. M. SUMMER (p. 18).

327. *The Sinner's Refuge.*

1. I LEFT the God of truth and light;
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.

2. Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly?
Almighty vengeance, from thy frown?
Eternal justice, from thine eye?

3. Lo! through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

4. My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
In sore distress I turn to thee;
I claim acceptance on thy word,—
My God, my God, forsake not me.

5. Prostrate before thy mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie forever there. *Montgomery.*

C. M. BARBY (p. 42).

328.

Conviction by the Law.

1. LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread;
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2. My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3. My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4. Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5. My God, I cry with every breath,
For thy kind power to save;
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave. *Watts.*

C. P. M. MERIBAH (p. 148).

329.

Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

1. O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own.
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3. Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4. The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,
To everlasting day. *Toplady*

C. M. DEDHAM (p. 50).

330.

Subdued by the Cross.

1. IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.—

2. I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3. O never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4. My conscience felt and owned the guilt;
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5. A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

6. Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its darkest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too. *Newton.*

S. M. BOYLSTON (p. 110).

331. *Christ the Bread of Life.*

1. BEHOLD the gift of God!
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood,
Who bore our curse and shame.

2. Behold the living bread
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3. The Lord delights to give;
He knows you've nought to buy;
To Jesus haste—this bread receive,
And you shall never die. *Haskins.*

C. M. STEPHENS (p. 70).

332. *Justification; or, Law and Grace.*

1. VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2. Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3. In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now;
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4. Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just. *Watts.*

L. M. HEBRON (p. 24).

333. *Christ's Blood the Sinner's Plea.*

1. HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal mind.

2. Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3. Thy blood, dear Jesus—thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
Here will we rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee. *Stennett.*

L. M. WELLS (p. 16).

334. *Offering of a Contrite Heart.*

1. A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
2. My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
3. Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
4. O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Watts.

DEATH AND THE JUDGMENT.

S. M. SHAWMUT (p. 90).

335. *Judgment.*

1. THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:—
2. Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
3. O, may we all be found
Obedient to thy word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

4. O, may we all ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest. *Wesley's Coll.*

L. M. WINDHAM (p. 26).

336.

The Great Day.

1. THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?—

2. When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3. O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away. *Scott.*

S. M. OLMUTZ (p. 98).

337.

Resurrection and Judgment.

1. WAKED by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

2. Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the lost cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?

3. O, thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,—
Who diedst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery:—

4. Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear. *Wesley's Coll.*

S. M. DENTON (p. 108).

338. *Death of the Righteous.*

1. O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,—
Like theirs my last reward!

2. Their bodies, in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3. Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4. With us their names shall live,
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,—
Our praises and our tears.

5. O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,—
Like theirs my last reward! *Select.*

C. M. ST. ANN'S (p. 40).

339. *God's Presence makes Death Easy.*

1. DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2. I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die, as Moses did.

3. Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

4. Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath;
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death. *Watts.*

C. M. FARRANT (p. 56).

340. *Time, the Period to prepare for Eternity.*

1. THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2. The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3. Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!—
The final state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4. Eternal joy, or endless wo,
Attends on every breath;
And yet, how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5. Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God. *Watts.*

L. M. HAMBURG (p. 20).

341. *Blessedness of the Righteous in Death.*

1. HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2. So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3. A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And nought disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4. Farewell! conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5. Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"
Barbauld.

342. L. M. ROSE HILL (p. 10).

Death disarmed.

1. WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we fear to enter there.

2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3. O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there. *Watts.*

343. S. M. SELDEN (p. 88).

Judgment anticipated.

1. AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2. How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3. But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,—
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4. Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there. *Doddridge.*

L. M. UXBRIDGE (p. 8).

344.

Asleep in Jesus.

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no wo shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

2. Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

3. Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

4. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep. *Mackay.*

C. M. DOWNS (p. 62).

345.

Preparation for Death.

1. IF I must die, O, let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2. If I must die, O, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below,
For pleasures more refined.

3. If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing,
To my celestial home.

4. Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through. *Beddome.*

C. M. YORK (p. 72).

346.

Those blessed who die in the Lord.

1. HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2. "They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are;
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.

3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of our mortal life
End in a large reward." *Watts.*

MORNING AND EVENING.

L. M. SUMMER (p. 18).

347. *Grateful Acknowledgment.*

1. MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise. *Watts.*

C. M. HEBER (p. 78).

348. *God's Goodness acknowledged.*

1. ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2. Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound:
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4. How many wretched souls have fled,
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5. Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night. *Watts.*

349. 7s & 6s. MISSIONARY HYMN (p. 138).

Reflections at Sunset.

1. THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.
The woodland's hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels, round us singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

2. The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.
In golden splendor dawning
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake. *Sac. Songs.*

350. C. M. ABRIDGE (p. 66).

An Evening Song.

1. DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

2. Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3. Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4. What have I done for him, who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!

5. Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee. *Watts.*

L. M. HEBRON (p. 24).

351. *Evening Reflections.*

1. THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,—
He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful station round my bed.

4. Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound. *Watts.*

8s & 7s. SICILY (p. 124).

352. *Confidence in God's Protection.*

1. SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee.
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom. *Edmeston.*

353. 7s. CARVER STREET (p. 116).

Communion with God.

1. SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2. Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee. *Epis. Coll.*

354. L. M. WARD (p. 14).

A Morning Hymn.

1. GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2. O, like the sun may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3. Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4. Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this. *Watts.*

355. S. M. BOYLSTON (p. 110).

Evening Prayer.

1. THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2. Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

3. And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

4. Lord, when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
O, may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love. *Nettleton's Coll.*

C. M. BOND (p. 48).

356. *A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day.*

1. FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

2. Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3. Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end:—

4. Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine. *Brown.*

C. M. YORK (p. 72).

357. *Evening Devotion.*

1. LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

3. I pay this evening sacrifice;
And, when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy word alone.

4. Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep. *Watts.*

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

358. L. M. DUKE STREET (p. 6).

Missionary.

1. BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control:—

2. So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come—
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at his brightness, flee away,—
The dawn of an eternal day. *Anon.*

359. 7s. NUREMBURG (p. 114).

Jesus Reigns.

1. WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with sovereign power!

2. All ye nations, join and sing,
Christ of lords and kings is King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.

3. Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings. *Watts & Sel.*

7s & 6s. MISSIONARY HYMN (p. 138).

360. *The final Victory of Christ.*

1. WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song—
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2. Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round;
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound. *Pratt's Coll.*

L. M. DUKE STREET (p. 6).

361. *Sovereign of Worlds.*

1. SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, in India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown;
And make the universe thine own.

3. Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light. *Anon.*

S. M. ST. THOMAS (p. 92).

362. *Missionary Prayer.*

1. RISE, gracious God, and shine
In all thy saving might;
Now prosper every good design
To spread thy glorious light.—

2. O bring the nations near
That they may sing thy praise;
Thy word let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways.

3. Put forth thy glorious power!
All nations then will see;
And earth present her grateful store,
In converts born to thee. *Pratt's Coll.*

7s & 6s. MISSIONARY HYMN (p. 138).

363.

The State of the Heathen.

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!—
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft—waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll!
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. *Heber.*

DISMISSION AND DOXOLOGY.

S. M. SILVER STREET (p. 86).

364. *Dismission.*

1. ONCE more before we part,
   O bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
   Adore and praise the same.
2. Lord, in thy grace we came,
   That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
   In Jesus' name we part.
3. Still on thy holy word
   We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
   And practise what we know.
4. Now, Lord, before we part,
   Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
   Adore and praise the same. *Hawker's Coll.*

C. M. MARLOW (p. 38).

365. *Christ supremely Exalted.*

1. JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
   Thy wondrous love reveal;
Let angels spread thy name abroad,
   And men thy glories tell.
2. Let all, with sweet and cheerful voice,
   Harmonious anthems raise;
Be thou the spring of all their joys,
   The life of all their praise.
3. Be thou exalted in the heavens,
   And o'er this earthly ball;
Let creatures into nothing sink,
   And Christ be all in all. *Beddome.*

8s & 7s. WILMOT (p. 126).

366. *Dismission.*

1. MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
   And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
   Rest upon us from above.

2. Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford. *Newton.*

367. 8s & 7s. STAMFORD (p. 130).
The Presence of Jesus.

1. JESUS, Prince of Peace, be near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us,
Let thy sacred kingdom come.
Raise to heaven our expectation,
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above. *Wesley.*

368. 8s, 7s, & 4. ZION (p. 132).
Dismission.

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruit of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found. *Burder.*

369. L. M. OLD HUNDRED (p. 5).
Dismission.

1. DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2. Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace. *Hart.*

370. L. M. OLD HUNDRED (p. 5).

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

371. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

372. C. M. DUNDEE (p. 60).

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

373. S. M. ST. THOMAS (p. 92).

Ascriptions of Angels and Saints.

YE angels round the throne!
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

ADDENDA.

HYMN 62. (*Continued from p.* 47.)

5. Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee!

6. The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

HYMN 190. (*Continued from p.* 145.)

5. Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6. How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live:
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

7. Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 't will cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

Newton.

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